

Timber Wolf

It can now be stated definitely that the varment which has been killing sheep by wholesale on Elk is a timber wolf. On Monday about forty men and a big pack of dogs went hunting for the varment on Middle Mountain. They routed him out and he struck out for Gauley Mountain. Howard Beale was waiting at the place the varmint had crossed Elk River in former chases. The animal came in full view of Mr. Beale and he took three or four shots at it with a shot gun at loog range. He drew blood but failed to knock it down. It went back to Middle Mountain and the dogs were not able to route it out again.

This wolf is a big able animal with a bushy tail, curled at the end. It is gray in color, and looks as though it might weigh as much as a hundred pounds.

The question now is where this wolf came from. The last timber wolf in this region was killed by Stoper Hamrick forty years ago.

For over a year the wolf has been raiding the sheep flocks on Big Sprig and Dry Branch of Elk. More than two hundred head of sheep has it killed. The last kill was on Saturday night out of L. D. Sharp's flock on the railroad near Slaty Fork.

✓
100
40 yrs. ago
200 sheep

— Printed —

TANY
to the
here. I would like
Green
Harper M. here I thought
fall. Harper M. here I thought
some bushes fall

... 3

Pocahontas
Chapter 3

Timber Wolf

It can now be stated definitely about the varmint which has been killing sheep by wholesale on Elk is a timber wolf. On Monday about forty men and a big pack of dogs went hunting for the varmint on Middle Mountain. They routed him out and Ed McArthur out for Gauley Mountain. Howard Beale was waiting at the place the varmint had crossed Elk River in former times. The animal came in full view of Mr Beale and he took three or four shots at it with a shot gun at long range. He drew blood but failed to knock it down. It went back to Middle Mountain and the dogs were not able to route it out again.

This wolf is a big shag animal with a bushy tail, curled at the end. It is gray in color, and looks as though it might weigh as much as a hundred pounds.

The question now is where this wolf came from. The last timber wolf in this region was killed by Stephen Hamrick forty years ago.

For over a year the wolf has been raiding the sheep flocks on Big Spring and Dry Branch of Elk. More than two hundred head of sheep has it killed. The last kill was on Saturday night out of L. D. Shore's flock on the railroad near Slaty Fork.

...
...
...
...

- Painted Times
2/15/40

TANY

to the
here. I would like
to see the
here. I thought
to see the
here. I thought

3

Pocahontas Chapter 3

Timber Wolf

It can now be stated definitely about the varmint which has been killing sheep by wholesale on the Middle Mountain. On Monday about forty men and a big pack of dogs went hunting for the varmint on Middle Mountain. They scouted him out and he struck out for Gauley Mountain. Howard Reals was sitting at the place the varmint had crossed the River in former places. The animal came in full view of Mr. Reals and he took three or four shots at it with a shot gun at long range. He drove him but failed to knock it down. It went back to Middle Mountain and the dogs were not able to route it out again.

This wolf is a big able animal with a bushy tail, curled at the end. It is gray in color, and looks as though it might weigh as much as a hundred pounds.

The question now is where this wolf came from. The last timber wolf in this region was killed by Stephen Hamrick forty years ago.

For over a year the wolf has been raiding the sheep flocks on Big Spring and Dry Branch of Elk. More than two hundred head of sheep has it killed. The last kill was on Saturday night out of L. D. Sharr's flock on the railroad near Slaty Fork.

copying
200 sheep

- Pocahontas Times

2/15/40

notes 3

2.

The most recent yarn of this sort comes from Pocahontas county where it is reported that a pack of wolves is roaming the ranges in Slaty Fork and Mingo knob slaughtering sheep and deer.

There is doubt if a wolf has been in this part of the country since the Civil War. In the first place there ~~was~~ were many of them this large and those that did infest West Virginia's mountains were quickly exterminated with the development of the State in the last century, or moved north where they belonged.

It is great Mumba Tumba Malcolm Stice who thus in his Wheeling Register speaks words of doubt to toll apprehension of lowlanders that shell business of the scattered hill tribes of the upper reaches of the Monongahela, Greenbrier, Elk James, Potomac and Gauley are once again exposed to ravages of wild and ferocious beasts of prey. As chief head hunter of the unwashed tribes of the northern panhandle he sits to his ally among the naked hills beside the now lough flow of the once beautiful Ohio, the very air poisoned by the world fumes of factory smoke, he would dazzle with a rattle of his type after the possibility of such varments as wolves and panthers again following the secluded environs of the more favored portions of this fair State of West Virginia. Would that it were a good fairy to wave a wand to bid their words of the fierce predators which are devastating farm flocks and dogsteeple the wild deer herds; or to bid like unto the good Patrick Henry to banished forever frogs and serpents from the old soil which lie bleed. Was I one that the thinking of the great Mumba Tumba to no longer heard than the howl muddy flow and the ceaseless rattling river, an aced to the heavy cold water, and as they of the smoky atmosphere of his river jagged side in the face of all the children I too know who for since those days of the awful hide and seek of the primitive life have remained alone of the poor people and who have revealed some to the rest like the animal kingdom, flying about in the air of the birds, flying about in the air of the birds.

Is M T denying the scripture say-
ing that out of the mouths of two is
truth established? For I can give oth-
er brand - the names of a score of good
men and true who have seen in
recent years with their own eyes
panthers in these endless mountains,
by themselves and with others. Can
not his smoke tanned senses not give
consideration to the testimony of the
five members of the official board of
the Pocahontas County Farm Loan
Association, as they, in the presence
of each other, saw a great lawyer,
two hundred pound mountain lion
break from cover as the official board,
in their official duty of making ap-
praisal upon a grazing farm in
the pleasant vale of the Little Laurel
of Williams River, came upon the
valiant unwares?

What about testimony by three young scientists from the Biological Survey, taking census of the animal life of the Mongolshela National Forest? They came upon the pugs of a great cat in a mud hole on Middle Mountain at the head of the Green Grier. Being equipped for such finds they found plaster of paris in the tracks. The casts were submitted to the savants in the captain's office at Washington, than whom none are savanter. There in their wisdom and experience pronounced the casts to be the preserved tracks of a mountain lion. Will B T in all his billiousness say them nay, you are mistaken?

As for the gray timber wolves they again present a source of trouble to our people, regardless of doubt expressed by bumptious agnostics. Just last month across the imaginary line which divides the two states on the crest of the Alleghenies in the adjoining county of Bath a big wolf was killed, and his carcass positively identified by scientists as that of a gray timber wolf. Up in Preston county a wolf was killed on Stony River, and Dr. A. M. Reese is now negotiating for the hide as an exhibit in his museum of natural history at the university. On Red-Creek, in Tucker county, there is a whole pack. On Shavers Mountain in Pocahontas and Randolph counties, there is another pack of wolves. Their howls at the first howl are so hoarse, the track of small deer are seldom seen in the Great Wilderness country.

Over on the Middle Mountain at Elk and the Mingo Knob there are ~~many~~ ^{many} more. The big one, an old one, has been seen by a half dozen good men, who have been shot at on two separate occasions and her kill of sheep has averaged one a week for a year. There she stalked a two year old fellow and bit her neck badly. He says this is the best place.

Beasting our traditions of the wolf
packs of these mountains makes me
pensive. Our unwritten literature
deals much with the number and
ferocity of wolves. Men yet in the
prime of life remember as children
the necessity of penning the sheep
near the house each night. The Man
Stopher Hamrick, who shot the last
wolf here forty years ago, is still with
us. A prominent citizen well remem-
bers the fuss made over him by the
family when his father shot at a wolf
as it looked over a log at the boy

asleep on a pile of leaves. The father is still with us and able to hunt.

We have always maintained the gray wolves of this mountain region were bigger and fiercer than the common run of wolves in this latitude. Our elevation gives us a Canadian climate, and the deer herds furnished plenty for them to grow big on."

Not much was ever said about it, but it was intimated that during the four years of the war between the States, the wolves acquired a taste for human flesh. Many a man was murdered in the woods through the practice of the neighbourly art of bush-bracking. Any way I have personal knowledge of a few men and boys attacked by wolves along in the 1880's, and others who got up trees in time

For the information of the lowland
er I will say that strychnine broke
the rule of the wolves in these moun-
tains along in the 1870's. There was
a remnant, educated against poison
and snare. When deer became scarce
the wolves disappeared. They may
have moved north where they belong.

Anyway, the wolves are back, and it was a sorry day when they returned. Where they have come from it is not possible to guess, but the report persists that a pack crossed on the ice from Canada into Pennsylvania the winter of 1935. I heard of two wolves being killed in Elk county Pennsylvania, last year.

Peter

4/4/40

after iter 3

2.

The most recent yarn of this sort comes from Pochontas county where it is reported that a pack of wolves is roaming the ranges in Slaty Fork and Mingo knob slaughtering sheep and deer.

There is doubt if a wolf has been in this part of the country since the Civil War. In the first place there ~~never~~ were many of them; this far south and those that did infest West Virginia's mountains were quickly exterminated with the development of the State for in the last century, moved north where they belonged.

[illegible]

Is M 7 denying the "scripture" saying that out of the mouths of two lions truth established? For I can give on hand the names of a score of good men and true who have seen in recent years with their own eyes panthers in these endless mountains, by themselves and with others. Can not his smoke lanned senses not give consideration to the testimony of the five members of the official board of the Pocahontas County Farm Loan Association, as they, in the presence of each other, saw a great taney, two hundred pound mountain lion break from cover as the official board, in their official duty of making appraisal upon a grazing farm in the pleasant vale of the Little Laurel of Williams River, came upon the valiant unawares?

What about testimony by three young scientists from the Biological Survey, taking census of the animals of the Monongshela National Forest? They came upon the paws of a great cat in a mud hole on Middle Mountain at the head of the Green brier. Being equipped for such finds they found plaster of paris in the tracks. The casts were submitted to the savants in the captain's office at Washington, than whom none are savanter. These in their wisdom and experience pronounced the casts to be the preserved tracks of a mountain lion. Will B T in all his billiousness say them nay, you are mistaken?

As for the gray timber wolves, they again present a source of trouble to our people, regardless of doubt expressed by bumptious agnostics. Just last month across the imaginary line which divides the two states on the crest of the Alleghenies in the adjoining county of Bath a big wolf was killed, and his carcass positively identified by scientists as that of a gray timber wolf. Up in Preston county a wolf was killed on Stony River, and Dr. A. M. Reese is now negotiating for the hide as an exhibit in his museum of natural history at the university. On Red Creek, in Tucker county, there is a whole pack. On Shavers Mountain in Pocahontas and Randolph counties, there is another pack of wolves. Their howls at the night heralds are too heavy, the tracks of small deer and skunk are in the Great Whitington county.

Over on the Middle Mountain of
film and the Mingo Rimb there are
three wolves. The big one, an old
one, has been angry a half dozen
good years, his has been shot at
and captured headless and her kill
sleep in a dead tree a week for a
year. There are all kinds of other
things and all the most hairy
and the most hairy of the dog cattle.

Begetting our traditions of the wolf packs of these mountains makes me weepish. Our unwritten literature dealt much with the number and fierceness of wolves. Men yet in the prime of life remember as children the necessity of penning the sheep near the house each night. The Man Stephen Hamrick, who shot the last wolf here forty years ago, is still with us. A prominent citizen well remembers the fuss made over him by the family when his father shot at a wolf as it looked over a log at the boy

asleep on a pile of leaves. The father is still with us and able to hunt.

We have always maintained the gray wolves of this mountain region were bigger and fiercer than the common run of wolves in this latitude. Our elevation gives us a Canadian climate, and the deer herds furnished plenty for them to grow big on."

Not much was ever said about it, but it was intimated that during the four years of the war between the States, the wolves acquired a taste for human flesh. Many a man was murdered in the woods through the practice of the neighborly art of bushwhacking. Any way I have personal knowledge of a few men and boys attacked by wolves along in the 1860's, and others who got up trees in the

For the information of the lowland
er I will say that strychnine broke
the rule of the wolves in these moun-
tains along in the 1870's. There was
a remnant, educated against poison
and snare. When deer became scarce
the wolves disappeared. They may
have moved north where they belong.

Anyway, the wolves are back, and it was a sorry day when they returned. Where they have come from it is not possible to guess, but the report persists that a pack crossed on the ice from Canada into Pennsylvania the winter of 1933. I heard of two wolves being killed in Elk county Pennsylvania, last year.

— 19 —

Tuesday

4/4/40

Down on the Greenbrier in Greenbrier County last fall, Harper M. here I thought you would like to see. I would like to have them. I am over world recog-
Smith came across some bushes full of soft shell nuts. I am reminded of the many publications of the University. I am reminded of the many publications of the University. I am reminded of the many publications of the University.

Parchester

Chapter 3

Timber Wolf Killed in Bath County

From the Roanoke (Va.) Times

A gray timber wolf which has been killing sheep in Bath county for two years fell dead before two high-powered rifle bullets high up in the mountains 10 miles north of Warm Springs, Thursday and its carcass to be mounted for a wealthy sportsman, attracted wide attention in Salem.

There is an interesting story behind the killing of this beautiful but blood thirsty creature which, according to William Hite, Bath county game warden, must have killed over 100 sheep and many deer.

Seventeen hunters, Bath county farmers, set out Thursday morning under Hite to track down the wolf. Snow covered the ground and the animal could be tracked easily. The party found the carcasses of 13 deer which the wolf had killed, two or three of them just a few days previous.

"One of these deer must have been killed within 40 steps after it was attacked by the wolf," Hite relates. "It was the most destructive animal I have ever had in my county." He has been game warden 17 years.

The party went up near a valley in Back Creek Mountain where the wolf was known to stay. Five of the men with dogs started through the valley to drive out the wolf, the others scattered around the territory to lay wait for him.

Suddenly the dogs took up the wolf's trail. A few minutes later he was routed and one of the party, Francis Liptrop shot him under the jaw with a high-powered rifle.

Still the wolf fought on. He was chased two miles before he came up on one of the stationed men, C. C. Hodges, who finally killed the animal with a bullet through the body just behind the shoulder.

The game warden gives credit to the dogs in killing the wolf since several previous attempts had failed. It was not so bad that the farmers were going out whenever they had a few hours to spare looking for him.

One, dogs were used for the first time. Second, as the game warden kidded, a \$25 bounty was placed on the killer.

The wolf, described by the game warden as a "gray timber wolf," attracted considerable attention as it lay on the sidewalk in front of the Hotel Fort Lewis in Salem. The game warden, who came to Salem to confer with a forestry service supervisor, brought it with him.

He says that the \$25 bounty is to be divided among the men. The wolf was bought from the party by Kenneth E. Ellis, Hot Springs. The game warden said that he plans to take it by a Covington taxidermist on his way home.

The wolf was known throughout the countryside as "Old Lobo," a name placed on him by the game warden, because the killer had one of the characteristics of the Lobo wolf, a species that lives and hunts alone.

Long before the wolf was ever spotted the game warden said that he was confident that it was a wolf and not a dog. He explains that when a wolf kills it takes the lungs, liver and heart. When a dog kills it eats the meat back of the shoulders.

Handwritten note: - 1/22/40

Handwritten date: 2/22/40

Handwritten text: 2/22/40

Down on the Greenhills in Green County last fall, Harper M. here I thought you a little bit of soft shell nuts about... here. I would liked to have shown you the history publications of the University. I am reminded... Delighted I am over world recogni...

Packerton — Chapter 3

Timber Wolf Killed in Bath County

From the Roanoke (Va.) Times
A gray timber wolf which has been killing sheep in Bath county for two years fell dead before two high-powered rifle bullets high up in the mountains 10 miles north of Warm Springs, Thursday and its carcass to be mounted for a wealthy sportsman, attracted wide attention in Salem.

There is an interesting story behind the killing of this beautiful but blood thirsty creature which, according to William Hite, Bath county game warden, must have killed over 100 sheep and many deer.

Seventeen hunters, Bath county farmers, set out Thursday morning under Hite to track down the wolf. Snow covered the ground and the animal could be tracked easily. The party found the carcasses of 13 deer which the wolf had killed, two or three of them just a few days previous.

"One of these deer must have been killed within 40 steps after it was attacked by the wolf," Hite relates. "It was the most destructive animal I have ever had in my county." He has been game warden 17 years.

The party went up near a valley in Back Creek Mountain where the wolf was known to stay. Five of the men with dogs started through the valley to drive out the wolf, the others scattered around the territory to lay wait for him.

Suddenly the dogs took up the wolf's trail. A few minutes later he was routed and one of the party, Francis Liptrap shot him under the jaw with a high-powered rifle.

Still the wolf fought on. He was chased two miles before he came up at one of the stationed men, G. C. Hedger, who finally killed the animal with a bullet through the body just behind the shoulder.

The game warden gives credit to two things in killing the wolf after several previous attempts had failed. He says he had that the farmers were going out whenever they had a few hours to spare looking for him.

One, dogs were used for the first time. Second, as the game warden kidded, a \$25 bounty was placed on the killer.

The wolf, described by the game warden as a "gray timber wolf, attracted considerable attention as it lay on the sidewalk in front of the Hotel Fort Lewis in Salem. The game warden, who came to Salem to confer with a forestry service supervisor, brought it with him.

He says that the \$25 bounty is to be divided among the men. The wolf was bought from the party by Kenneth E. Ellis, Hot Springs. The game warden said that he plans to take it by a Covington taxidermist on his way home.

The wolf was known throughout the countryside as "Old Lobo," a name pinned on him by the game warden, because the killer had one of the characteristics of the Lobo wolf, a species that lives and hunts alone.

Long before the wolf was ever spotted the game warden said that he was confident that it was a wolf and not a dog. He explains that when a wolf kills it takes the lungs, liver and heart. When a dog kills it eats the meat back of the shoulder.

- Hite's Journal

2/22/40

Feb - 40

BOTANY

Down on the Greenbrier in Greenbrier County last fall, Harper M. Smith came across some bushes full of soft shell nuts about the size of filberts. New to him, we sent specimens over to Dr. Earle L. Core, of the Department and Zoology, at the University. He writes back they are buffalo nuts, *Styriaria pubera*. I will write a paragraph on this buffalo nut, or alk nut, or oil nut, or rabbit word soon, unless Dr. Core will consent to do it.

Over at Anthony's Creek some seasons ago a citizen killed a wild duck. In it he found a grain of "duck wheat." He planted it, and the season of 1939 he had a good crop. Some seed was brought to this printing of *See*, and I sent it in to Dr. Core for identification. He writes back he is not so far able to give any information beyond the statement the seeds belong to some plant in the buck wheat family. No plants being available this time of year, he is raising some; he will be able to tell us before long. They are already showing above the ground.

Some months back, I published a letter from Dr. Core, in which he told of a visit to these mountains a century ago of Dr. Asa Gray, the tall acremore in botany. He reported finding the yellow gentian on Knappa Creek. It had not since been reported from here and Dr. Core wanted a specimen. Dr. Ben Roller, of White Sulphur Springs, saw the place, and was reminded he had seen yellow gentian in Greenbrier County; so he sent to a specimen.

Dr. Core continues: Thanks a lot for the editorial on the University. It has earned a great deal of comment around here. I enjoyed it very much; especially the last paragraph where you say the note you are thrown with college professors the more highly you regard country school teachers. I like it as a copy ment, because I am a country school teacher, since I have been which has to be taught in the country. I have taught in a country school house, and I have been at present in the country school house of the University in State 7. I don't like to be a country school teacher.

So sorry you were unable to get up to the herbarium while you were here. I would liked to have shown you around. Since you didn't get here I thought you might like a few notes concerning our activities. The herbarium was founded as a service to the people of the State so as to make comparisons in identification of materials sent in and for the collection of information regarding the plants of the State. We now have 65,000 specimens filed away here, representing virtually all the fungi, lichens, mosses, liverworts, ferns, and seed plants found in West Virginia, and, of course, many specimens of some of them. In addition, we have a specimen of almost every plant found in the range of Gray's Manual, the northeastern part of the United States; a large collection made by Dr. Small in the southeastern states, and listed in his big manual of that region; and the most common of the plants of the western states and Canada.

I am teaching Dendrology in our new Forestry Division and the herbarium has been fortunate in having been designated as one of the 15 in the country to receive a complete set of specimens representing all the forest trees in the United States, the sets being prepared and distributed by the New York State College of Forestry. They are of great value in our Forestry work.

I must tell you about our publications. You already know about *Castanea*. In exchange for this periodical we receive about 100 botanical journals from all over the world. We are also publishing a series called "Contributions from the Herbarium of West Virginia University." Fifteen numbers in this series have been published or are in preparation. One of them, on the botanical exploration of West Virginia, I thought might prove of interest to you and so I am sending a copy of it under separate cover.

Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,

Earl

I must say to Dr. Core, I am no hand to find joy in meeting my own feeble jests. However, in the cause of science I will expose the weak comment on the college professors. I now appear to be somewhat involved. The key note to that bit of scriptural truth, "By their fruits you shall know them." Nearly all the college professors at my acquaintance are country bred and the product of country schools, where tests for culture were instituted from and cultivated by country teachers. This interpretation and explanation might be the whole mental grasp of even a college graduate, as high enlightenment in mind and life product.

Delighted I am over world recognition of the botany publications of the University. I am reminded of the much ado over nothing in the legislature a few years ago, wherein our head school got its usual share of adverse publicity. The asking for buying technical publications was a sum about five times as large as the big northern university spent for this purpose. Some smarties found this out and how they did romp around on it until explained the big school had publications to exchange the world over for the books and papers our University had to buy. It obtained. The facts of the situation never overtook the widespread intimation of things not being on the level up at Morgantown.

At the same time and place, there was the mtrup over the the one by one grape sticks for the experimental farm. The asking was for red wood, at a cost higher than the local market on oak or chestnut sticks. What a tempest raged in the teapot over this until it was explained this was a part of a nation wide demonstration carried on by land grant colleges to ascertain the relative values of different woods for grape sticks for the information of grape growers.

The moral to all this is that it behooves every mother's son of us to inform ourselves about our University, so we can inform others. We have the old thing; we can't get rid of it and so we will have to make the most of it, to serve better the interest of our state and humanity in general.

Dear Mr. Price:

When we read your Field Notes, I recalled an incident, which coincides with your reference to bears killing coons. Heretofore we have refrained from disclosing our experience to anyone because it did seem far fetched.

In 1933 we were hunting near the head of Mill Creek in Randolph County when we were stopped suddenly by a strange noise. After a careful investigation we discovered a bear under a large beech tree. We stood still in order to ascertain the source of the noise, whereupon we saw another bear up in the tree shaking a limb and on the limb was a full grown coon. The coon was making quite a noise which had been the noise attracting our attention. The bear finally struck the coon off the limb and as he hit the ground the other bear made a desperate effort to catch him but failed. The only thing we could figure it was a trick formulated by the two bears for catching coons.

We were unsuccessful in getting either bear since we were so amazed by the sight we had seen.

Two of Your Readers

BOTANY

Hewn on the Greenbiler in Greenbrier County last fall, Harper M. Smith came across some bushes full of soft shell nuts about the size of filberts. New to him, we sent specimens over to Dr. Harte L. Core, of the Department and Zoology, at the University. He writes back they are buffalo nuts, *Prinus pubera*. I will write a paragraph on this buffalo nut, or the nut, or off nut, or rabbit wood soon, unless Dr. Core will consent to do it.

Over at Anthony's Creek some seasons ago a citizen killed a wild duck. In it he found a grain of "duck wheat." He planted it, and the season of 1933 he had a good crop. Some seed was brought to this printing office, and I sent it in to Dr. Core for identification. He writes back he is not so far able to give any information beyond the statement the seed belongs to some plant in the buck wheat family. No plants being available this time of year, he is waiting some; he will be able to tell us before long. They are already showing above the ground.

Some months back, I published a letter from Dr. Core, in which he told of a visit to these mountains a century ago of Dr. Asa Gray, the tall man more in botany. He reported finding the yellow gentian on Knappa Creek. It had not since been reported from here and Dr. Core wanted a specimen. Dr. Ben Roller, of White Sulphur Springs, saw the place, and was reminded he had seen yellow gentian in Greenbrier County; so he sent in a specimen.

Dr. Core continues: Thanks a lot for the editorial on the University. It has earned a great deal of comment around here. I enjoyed it very much; especially the last paragraph where you say the more you are thrown with college professors the more highly you regard country school teachers. I like it as a compliment, because I am a country school teacher, since I was a botany which has to be taught in the country. I have taught in a country school house, and I was the only teacher in the open country for miles west of the University, on State 7. Isn't that a country school teacher?

So sorry you were unable to get up to the Herbarium while you were here. I would liked to have shown you around. Since you didn't know here I thought you might like a few notes concerning our activities. The Herbarium was founded as a service to the people of the State so as to make comparisons in identification of materials sent in and for the collection of information regarding the plants of the State. We now have 65,000 specimens filed away here, representing virtually all the fungi, lichens, mosses, liverworts, ferns, and seed plants found in West Virginia, and, of course, many specimens of some of them. In addition, we have a specimen of almost every plant found in the range of Gray's Mammal, the northeastern part of the United States; a large collection made by Dr. Small in the southeastern states, and listed in his big manual of that region; and the most common of the plants of the western states and Canada.

I am teaching Dendrology in our new Forestry Division and the Herbarium has been fortunate in having been designated as one of the 15 in the country to receive a complete set of specimens representing all the forest trees in the United States, the sets being prepared and distributed by the New York State College of Forestry. They are of great value in our Forestry work.

I must tell you about our publications. You already know about Castanea. In exchange for this periodical we receive about 100 botanical journals from all over the world. We are also publishing a series called "Contributions from the Herbarium of West Virginia University." Fifteen numbers in this series have been published or are in preparation. One of them, on the botanical exploration of West Virginia, I thought might prove of interest to you and so I am sending a copy of it under separate cover.

Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,

Earl

I must say to Dr. Core, I am no hand in the field in visiting my own feeble feet. However, in the cause of science I will expose the weak comment in the college professor's line. It now appears to be somewhat involved. The key verse is that bit of scriptural truth, "By their fruits you shall know them." Nearly all the college professors of my acquaintance are country bred and the product of country schools, where basic instruction was furnished him and cultivated by country teachers. This instruction and cultivation might be as with the mental grasp of even a college professor, as high as the product of a Ph.D. and his product.

Delighted I am over world recognition of the botany publications of the University. I am reminded of the much ado over nothing in the legislature a few years ago, wherein our great school got its usual smear of adverse publicity. The asking for buying technical publications was a sum about five times as large as the only northern university spent for this purpose. Some smarties found this out and how they did romp around on it until explained the big school had publications to exchange the world over for the books and papers our University had to buy. It obtained. The facts of the situation never overtook the widespread intimation of things not being on the level up at Morgantown.

At the same time and place, there was the mixup over the one by one grape sticks for the experimental farm. The asking was for red wood, at a cost higher than the local market on oak or chestnut sticks. What a tempest raged in the capitol over this until it was explained this was part of a nation wide demonstration carried on by land grant colleges to ascertain the relative values of different woods for grape sticks for the information of grape growers.

The moral to all this is that it behooves every mother's son of us to inform ourselves about our University, so we can inform others. We have the old thing; we can't get rid of it and so we will have to make the most of it, to serve better the interests of our state and humanity in general.

Dear Mr. Price:

When we read your Field Notes, I recalled an incident, which coincides with your reference to bears killing coons. Heretofore we have refrained from disclosing our experience to anyone because it did seem far fetched.

In 1933 we were hunting near the head of Mill Creek in Randolph County when we were stopped suddenly by a strange noise. After a careful investigation we discovered a bear under a large beech tree. We stood still in order to ascertain the source of the noise, whereupon we saw another bear up in the tree shaking a limb and on the limb was a fat grown coon. The coon was making quite a noise which had been the noise attracting our attention. The bear finally struck the coon off the limb and as he fell the ground the other bear made a desperate effort to catch him but failed. The only thing we could figure it was a trick contrived by the two bears for catching coons.

We were unsuccessful in getting the other bear since he went so amazed by the sight we had seen.

Two of Your Readers.

Pocahontas

Chapter 3

Clark Wooddell shot and killed the wild dog, coyote or what it is which has been denning up under a hay stack on Judge Sharp's farm near Hillsboro. On last Wednesday Will Clutter brought the carcass to town, and Marvin Wilmer has the skin in kiosk, preparatory to mounting it. For some time the animal has been known to keep in the Levels; dozens of shots have been taken at it, and dogs have run it out of the country. The color was a dark brindle, with a bushy tail, weight about 30 pounds. It was a male and about seven or eight years old. The neck was remarkably thick and strong for so small an animal; head and jaws heavy; muzzle gray from age. Lacking the erect ears and pointed nose of the coyote, I put the varment down as a dog which went wild. Mr Wooddell tells me the animal looked much more like a dog when it was dead than when it was alive.

Speaking about wild dogs, Uncle B's Gibson was over from Elk last Wednesday, and he told me about a wild dog his grandfather, the late David Gibson tamed seventy or eighty years ago. This wild dog was found to be denning up under a hay stack. Snares were set, and the wild dog was caught. For some time the animal remained aloof from all advances, but it finally responded to kindness and through the influence of the other dogs. The wild dog was a female and showed gray hound blood to a marked degree. She proved the best of hunters and was a bear dog without a peer. She would chase a bear without giving voice and was a natural heeler. She would nip a bear until he could stand the punishment, no longer and must turn and fight his tormentor. Then she would stand aside until the bear made off again; and then she was nipping his heels again.

Talking about bears, one powerful big old bear is wandering the winter through on the Alleghenies around the head of Meadow Creek. One day last week Ira King and others gave him an all day chase in the snow. Evidently being chased by dogs was no new thing for this bear, for it was a running fight all day long. He would neither go up a tree nor stand on his hind legs long enough for the men to come up. Mr King and their expert coon bear hunters say this bear leaves the biggest track they have ever seen.

36#

Pocahontas

Time

1/14/10

Pocahontas

Chapter 3

V { Clark Wooddell shot and killed the wild dog, coyote or what it is which has been denning up under a hay stack on Judge Sharp's farm near Hillsboro. On last Wednesday Will Clutter brought the carcass to town, and Marvin Wilmer has the skin in skak, preparatory to mounting it. For some time the animal has been known to keep in the Levels; dozens of shots have been taken at it, and dogs have run it out of the country. The color was a dark biladie, with a bushy tail; weight about 30 pounds. It was a male and about seven or eight years old. The neck was remarkably thick and strong for so small an animal; head, and jaws heavy; muzzle gray from age. Lacking the erect ears and pointed nose of the coyote, I put the varment down as a dog which went wild. Mr Wooddell tells me the animal looked much more like a dog when it was dead than when it was alive.

30#

Speaking about wild dogs, Uncle B's Gibson was over from Elk last Wednesday, and he told me about a wild dog his grandfather, the late David Gibson tamed seventy or eighty years ago. This wild dog was found to be denning up under a hay stack. Snares were set, and the wild dog was caught. For some time the animal remained aloof from all advances, but it finally responded to kindness and through the influence of the other dogs. The wild dog was a female and showed gray hound blood to a marked degree. She proved the best of hunters and was a bear dog without a peer. She would chase a bear without giving voice and was a natural heeler. She would nip a bear until he could stand the punishment, no longer and must turn and fight his tormentor. Then she would stand aside until the bear made off again; and then she was nipping his heels again.

Talking about bears, one powerful big old bear is wandering the winter through on the Alleghenies around the head of Meadow Creek. One day last week Ira King and others gave him an all day chase in the snow. Evidently being chased by dogs was no new thing for this bear, for it was a running fight all day long. He would neither go up a tree nor stand and fight long enough for the men to come up. Mr King and their expert cured bear hunters say this bear leaves the biggest track they have ever seen.

Pocahontas

Town

1/14/10

Winter - 7

Facobanta

Chapter 3

FIELD NOTES

On last Wednesday morning June Mann and other workers on a log skidder on Middle Mountain of Elk got a good look at a big wolf. The varment was seen near the log pile and only moved off when June called to other members of the crew to see what he was looking at. He tells me the wolf looked like a German pointer dog, only taller, longer and more slender. The tail was bushy, and a big white streak extended over its back. The wolf looked big enough to weigh eighty or more pounds. For a year or more a wolf or rather wolves have been killing sheep on the head branches of the Elk.

50+

James A. Sharp, from Jericho road, was in Saturday afternoon, and told me about trailing a wolf in Buckley Mountain some fifty odd years ago. A big wolf had killed a sheep for the late Andrew McLaughlin. The neighborhood combined in the hunt, and the wolf whipped out the hounds. The hunt was quit at dark on a ridge overlooking the town. Word was sent to Mr. Sharp to bring his hounds the next morning. He took the trail of the wolf at daylight and followed it all day in Buckley Mountain. Late in the day the wolf crossed Knapps Creek, near Mt. View Cemetery. That night it killed a sheep at Mt. View Orchard on Maillin Mountain. The next day the Thorny Creek people put dogs on the trail for an all day chase. That night the wolf killed a sheep for Amos Hilley. Poison was put in the carcass and the next night the wolf came back to his kill. It was his last meal, for he died in the forest a few yards away.

} Poison wolf

— P. A. to. T. A.

3/31/40

Notes - 7

Pack Notes

Chapter 3

FIELD NOTES

On last Wednesday morning June Mann and other workers on a log skidder on Middle Mountain of Elk got a good look at a big wolf. The varment was seen near the log pile and only moved off when June called to other members of the crew to see what he was looking at. He tells me the wolf looked like a German pointer dog, only taller, longer and more slender. The tail was bushy, and a big white streak extended over its back. The wolf looked big enough to weigh eighty or more pounds. For a year or more a wolf or rather wolves have been killing sheep on the head branches of the Elk.

James A. Sharp, from Jericho road, was in Saturday afternoon, and told me about trailing a wolf in Buckley Mountain some fifty odd years ago. A big wolf had killed a sheep for the late Andrew McLaughlin. The neighbors combined in the hunt, and the wolf whipped out the hounds. The hunt was quit at dark on a ridge overlooking the town. Word was sent to Mr. Sharp to bring his hounds the next morning. He took the trail of the wolf at daylight and followed it all day in Buckley Mountain. Late in the day the wolf crossed Knapps Creek, near Mt. View Cemetery. That night it killed a sheep at Mt. View Orchard on Marlin Mountain. The next day the Thorny Creek people put dogs on the trail for an all day chase. That night the wolf killed a sheep for Amos Hilley. Poison was put in the carcass and the next night the wolf came back to his kill. It was his last meal, for he died in the forest a few days away.

3 Poison wolf

- Pack Notes -

3/21/40

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1940

The census of 1840 gave Pocahontas county a population of 2822. Of these 2703 were white and 219 colored. The returns on the 1940 census are not by me as I write, but the total is around 14,000; about five fold increase in a century, with the ratio between the races remaining about the same.

In 1840 there were in Pocahontas County 7,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 5,000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 28,519; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,436; sheep, 28,158; swine 446.

There is something alarming in the figures for the two years, 1840 and 1940, when you take in consideration that the future of this Pocahontas county rests upon the production of livestock. A century ago, three thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the sons of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for cattle in the west. When a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country, the ground was bare of grass. These animals multiplied so, starvation was the only thing to set the limit.

The Indians learned from the cattlemen that the buffalo lived in herds. They told them what limit them. When the Indians came, the killing of old cattle came into vogue. This they had learned from the cattlemen. The Indians learned about the cattlemen from the cattlemen. The Indians learned about the cattlemen from the cattlemen. The Indians learned about the cattlemen from the cattlemen.

In the east cattle were raised by the sweat of the brow, on high cost and high taxed land. In the west, with the buffalo gone, there was hardly end to possibilities of the number of wild cattle. There would be two roundups a year. In the spring to brand the calves; in the fall to cut out beef cattle for market. It is no wonder the east was forced out of the cattle business when came the competition of the boundless west.

As example of what is possible in wild cattle take the treeless plains of South America. In the 1550's a bull and seven cows were brought from Spain. From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

Australia and New Zealand had the same experience with range cattle. It is small wonder that beef from the west and the south and down under made the eastern cattle raiser live hard. But this eastern American is a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at home depended upon a diversity of crops, and the others went west to engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace Greeley uttered some careless words which became a slogan: "Go west young man, grow up with the country." Millions acted upon his advice and when they went they went to stay. The result is a rich and populous west. The conditions in the west are more nearly approaching those in the east each year and so the handicap under which the eastern cattle man has labored for three generations is growing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded from the western plains, the steer advanced. Soon they had replaced the buffalo. Then the Pocahontas county stockman found himself up against it. He could not even turn to the production of butter and cheese, as the cattlemen of New York and other states did. In those days nothing could be marketed from Pocahontas which could not walk out on its own feet to the rail head. The way out in those days, a valley was found, by taking care a domesticated animal could be raised that commanded a far better price than the range cattle of the west. They are about to improve the breed. Thus export cattle were produced which brought a heavy price for the east.

Let me here interline the remark that about a quarter of a century back changes began to come about in the economic scheme of world affairs, and the demand for big export cattle declined and went out. It marked decline in the quality of our cattle, so carefully and laboriously brought up to such high standard of excellence in the two generations following the war between the states.

In Tuckahoe, Virginia, where the winters are mild, there persisted the practice of raising unimproved cattle. The penny royal bull of the old days was a term of reproach in grazing countries, and referred to the class of cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have

have not heard in years was a four old yearling, meaning a steer four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the cheap cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be salted in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah, Greencbrier, Potomac and Tygarts. The pennyroyal bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the aversion to the pennyroyal bull was well founded. The passes of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of shrewy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and heifers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herds, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fixed here—that of seeing families with one cow or more, who made no pretention to herds, were given opportunity to raise purebred stock.

The four year old export steer was the sacred ox in these mountains; held sacred to the purpose for which he was created; and went to the large city market for beef. So far as I know, there never was a standard four year old steer butchered and eaten in Pocahontas county. Tradition has it, a peculiar man in Greenbrier county, deciding that the best was as good as any, butchered a couple of export steers for the home market. He like to have ruined his business, for his customers ever after demanded the kind of beef he furnished while these export steers lasted.

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1940

The census of 1840 gave Pocahontas county a population of 2822. Of these 2703 were white and 219 color ed. The returns on the 1940 census are not by me as I write, but the total is around 14,000; about five fold increase to a century, with the ratio between the races remaining about the same.

In 1840 there were in Pocahontas County 7,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 5,000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 29,519; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,436; sheep, 28,159; swine 4,446.

There is something alarming in the figures for the two years, 1840 and 1940, when you take in consideration that the future of this Pocahontas county rests upon the production of livestock. A century ago, three thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress to sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the runs of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for cattle in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country, the ground was bare of grass. These animals multiplied so, starvation was the only thing to set the limit.

The introduction of the cattle from the east and the mountain counties of the west, they knew what limit there. When the buffalo came, the raising of cattle was not a possibility. This is a fact that is often overlooked. The introduction of the cattle from the east and the mountain counties of the west, they knew what limit there. When the buffalo came, the raising of cattle was not a possibility. This is a fact that is often overlooked.

In the east, cattle were raised by the sweat of the brow, on high cost and high taxed land. In the west, with the buffalo gone, there was hardly end to possibilities of the number of wild cattle. There would be two roundups a year, in the spring to brand the calves; in the fall to cut out beef cattle for market. It is no wonder the east was forced out of the cattle business when came the competition of the boundless west.

As example of what is possible in wild cattle take the treeless plains of South America. In the 1550's a bull and seven cows were brought from Spain. From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

Australia and New Zealand had the same experience with range cattle. It is small wonder that beef from the west and the south and down under made the eastern cattle raiser live hard. But this eastern American is a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at home depended upon a diversity of crops, and the others went west to engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace Greeley uttered some careless words which became a slogan: "Go west young man, grow up with the country." Millions acted upon his advice and when they went they went to stay. The result is a rich and populous west. The conditions in the west are more nearly approaching those in the east each year and so the handicap under which the eastern cattle man has labored for three generations is growing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded from the western plains, the steer advanced. Soon they had replaced the buffalo. Then the Pocahontas county stockman found himself up against it. He could not even turn to the production of butter and cheese, as the cattlemen of New York and other states did. In those days nothing would be marketed from Pocahontas which could not walk out on its own feet to the tall timber. The way out in those days, this valley was found, by taking care a domesticated animal could be raised that commanded a far better price than the range cattle of the west. They set about to improve the breed. This rapid cattle were produced which brought a living for the day and night.

Let me here interline the remark that about a quarter of a century back changes began to come about in the economic scheme of world affairs, and the demand for big export cattle declined and went out. It marked decline in the quality of our cattle, so carefully and laboriously brought up to such high standard of excellence in the two generations following the war between the states.

In Tuckahoe, Virginia, where the winters are mild, there persisted the practice of raising unimproved cattle. The penny royal bull of the old days was a term of reproach in grazing countries, and referred to the class of cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have

have not heard in years was a four old yearling, meaning a steer four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the cheap cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be killed in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Potomac and Tygart's. The penny royal bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the aversion to the penny royal bull was well founded. The passes of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of shrewy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and heifers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herds, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fixed here—that of seeing families with one cow or more, who made no pretention to herds, were given opportunity to raise purebred stock.

The four year old export steer was the sacred ox in these mountains; held sacred to the purpose for which he was created; and went to the large city market for beef. So far as I know, there never was a standard four year old steer butchered and eaten in Pocahontas county. Tradition has it, a peculiar man in Greenbrier county, deciding that the best was as good as any, butchered a couple of export steers for the home market. He like to have ruined his business, for his customers ever after demanded the kind of beef he furnished while these export steers lasted.

The last generation has seen a decided change for the worse in the quality of our cattle. The big demand is for stocker cattle—calves, yearlings, and two year olds, to be fed out for beef in corn raising counties. A lot of milk stock has been brought in. Every housewife demands one or more Jerseys, Holsteins or Guernseys—at the milk gap for home supply, and weekly shipments of cans of cream. Dairies have come to supply town people with their daily milk. In most every bunch of cattle can be seen the slim hips which denote milk stock. The hired man goes about the milk, long as a matter of course. Men have grown to maturity who never heard the bolsterous deaf song of the old timers, one phase of which went something like this:

They can't set me down tons three
legs'd stool.

With a painted milk bucket at knee,
What, do they think I'm that kind
of a fool!

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a wooden factory made one, bought at the store. The term painted was applied to differentiate between the heavier, more lubberly bucket made by some handy man in the community. I have not heard the term in years, now I come to think about it.

I see now I have once again started to write something hard to stop in, allocated space. To make as neat a landing as possible, let me say that our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Pocahontas county farmers, mostly derived from livestock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these everlasting hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better breed when the cheap beef from white cattle from the western states flooded the market. What strategy did to save his business, we can do to improve ours. Dr. Wilson, as at the University Farm, says the solution of our livestock problems is in the breed, care and feed. There are three, but the greatest of these is breed.

Let us say to all those who follow the track of a steer it looks like good milk and working stock in the cattle business, and that right now. In fact the best I had in mind when I started to write was the cow that caught my hand today the little black and white cow, a couple of ear marks of this year and some, 1930 growth and better, to be a good cow.

The last generation has seen a decided change for the worse in the quality of our cattle. The big demand is for stocker cattle—calves, yearlings, and two year olds, to be fed out for beef in corn raising counties. A lot of milk stock has been brought in. Every housewife demands one or more Jerseys, Holsteins or Guernseys at the milk gap for home supply and weekly shipments of cans of cream. Dairies have come to supply town people with their daily milk. In most every bunch of cattle can be seen the slim hips which denote milk stock. The hired man goes about the milking as a matter of course. Men have grown to maturity who never heard the bolsterous deaf song of the old timers, one verse of which went something like this:

They can't set me down to no three
legged stool.

With a painted milk bucket at knee,
What do they think I'm that kind
of a fool!

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a wooden factory made one, bought at the store. The term painted was applied to differentiate between the heavier, more lubberly bucket made by some handy man in the community. I have not heard the term in years, now I come to think about it.

I see now I have once again started to write something hard to stop in a limited space. To make as neat a landing as possible, let me say that our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Peshon as county farmers, mostly derived from livestock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these everlasting hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better stock when the cheap beef from wild cattle from the western states flooded the market. What strategy did to save his business, we can do in improving ours. Dr. Wilson, as at the University Farm, says the solution of our live stock problems lies in the breed, care and feed. There is more, but the greatest of these is feed.

Let me say to all those who follow the track of a star it looks like good sense and common sense in the cattle business, and that right away let's get the best feed to which we can get access to while we have the chance. That conclusion I reached after I had looked the field over, and after a number of years of study of these great old stars, 1900 years ago and later, to let them stand as they are and let us learn from them.

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1940

The census of 1840 gave Pocahontas county a population of 2922. Of these 2703 were white and 219 colored. The returns on the 1940 census are not by me as I write, but the total is around 14,000; about five fold increase in a century, with the ratio between the races remaining about the same.

In 1840 there were in Pocahontas County 7,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 5,000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 29,549; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,446; sheep, 28,159; swine 4,446.

There is some

In the sv and h with hardl ber of two r to bra out b wond the c comp

As wild c South and s Spain. millio of the cept f tion w Ameri when ca did tion. were b

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1940.

The census of 1840 gave Pocahontas county a population of 2922. Of these 2703 were white and 219 colored. The returns on the 1940 census are not by me as I write, but the total is around 14,000; about five fold increase in a century, with the ratio between the races remaining about the same.

In 1840 there were in Pocahontas County 7,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 5 000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 29,549; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,446; sheep, 28,159; swine 4 446.

There is some

In the sv and h with hardl ber of two r to bra out b wond the c comp

As wild c South and s Spain. millio of the cept f tion w Ameri when ca aid tion. were h

sheep and 5 000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 29,549; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,446; sheep, 28,159; swine 4 446.

There is something alarming in the figures for the two years, 1840 and 1940, when you take in consideration that the future of this Pocahontas county rests upon the production of livestock. A century ago, three thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the guns of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for settlers in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country the ground was bare.

millions a
of the Sou
cept for th
tion would
America.
when the
ca did not
tion. Fo
were hunt
was the b
ever, wh
worth whi
was found
become acc
man.

Austrail
same exp
It is small
west and t
made the
hard. But
a thrifty s
home depe
crops, and
engage in t

Back in t
Greeley utt
which beca
young man,
try " Mull
and when t
the result is
The conditi
nearly appro
each year an
which the ea
bored for the
ing fighter.

When the
from the wes

sheep and 5 000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 29,549; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,446; sheep, 28,159; swine 4 446.

There is something alarming in the figures for the two years, 1840 and 1940, when you take in consideration that the future of this Pocahontas county rests upon the production of livestock. A century ago, three thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the guns of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for settlers in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country the ground was bare.

millions a of the Sou cept for th tion would America. when the ca did not tion. Fo were hunt was the b ever, wh worth whi was found become acc man.

Austrail same exp It is small west and t made the hard. But a thrifty s home depe crops, and engage in t

Back in Greeley utt which beca young man, try " Mill and when th the result is The conditi nearly appro each year an which the ea bored for th ing lighter.

When the from the we

thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the guns of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for settlers in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country, the ground was bare of grass. These animals multiplied so, starvation was the only thing to set the limit.

The real sufferers from the extinction of the buffalo lived in Pocahontas and similar counties of the east. They never knew what hurt them. With the buffalo gone, the raising of wild cattle came into existence. This cheap beef hit the eastern stock grower a bad blow which about put him out of business. On the range cattle matured with little more care than is given wild animals. The only owner ship recognized was that evidenced by a brand.

same experience. It is small wonder west and the south made the eastern hard. But this a thrifty soul. home depended crops, and the engage in the cattle. Back in the 18 Greeley uttered which became young man, grow try." Millions and when they w the result is a r The conditions i nearly approach each year and so which the eastern bored for three g ing lighter. When the wave from the western vanced. Soon th buffalo. Then th stockman found it. He could n production of bu the cattlemen of states did. In t could be market which could not v feet to the rail he in these blue grass. By taking care a d could be raised far better price th of the west. They prove the breed; were produced whi for the care expend

thousand people and seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the guns of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for settlers in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country, the ground was bare of grass. These animals multiplied so, starvation was the only thing to set the limit.

The real sufferers from the extinction of the buffalo lived in Pocahontas and similar counties of the east. They never knew what hurt them. With the buffalo gone, the raising of wild cattle came into existence. This cheap beef hit the eastern stock grower a bad blow which about put him out of business. On the range cattle matured with little more care than is given wild animals. The only owner ship recognized was that evidenced by a brand.

same experience. It is small wonder west and the south made the eastern hard. But this a thrifty soul. home depended crops, and the engage in the cat

Back in the 18 Greeley uttered which became young man, grow try" Millions and when they w the result is a r The conditions i nearly approach each year and so which the eastern bored for three g ing lighter.

When the wave from the western vanced. Soon th buffalo. Then th stockman found it. He could n production of bu the cattlemen of states did. In t could be market which could not v feet to the rail he in these blue grass By taking care a d could be raised far better price th of the west. They prove the breed; were produced whi for the care expend

Office at Marlin-
and class matter.

E, EDITOR

BER 5, 1940

are Pocahon-
of 2922. Of
d 219 color.
1940 census
ite, but the
out five fold
th the ratio
ning about

Pocahontas
tle, 10,000
ording to

's returns
ocahontas
, 10,964;
1.

happen
s for the
sheep;

ning in
rs, 1840
consider
Pocahon
duction
three
ousand
thou

In the east cattle were raised by the sweat of the brow, on high cost and high taxed land. In the west, with the buffalo gone, there was hardly end to possibilities of the number of wild cattle. There would be two roundups a year. In the spring to brand the calves; in the fall to cut out beef cattle for market. It is no wonder the east was forced out of the cattle business when came the competition of the boundless west.

As example of what is possible in wild cattle take the treeless plains of South America. In the 1550's a bull and seven cows were brought from Spain. From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

Australia and New Zealand had the same experience with

Let m
that ab
back cha
the econ
and the
declined
decline
so carefu
up to suc
lence in
ing the

In Tuc
winters
practice
The peni
was a te
countries
cattle for
ern Virg

have not
old yearli
years of
ing. An
cheap cat
a steer wa
salted in

The exis
hoe cattle
the breede
of the She
mac and

Office at Marlin-
and class matter.

E, EDITOR

BER 5, 1940

are Pocahon-
of 2922. Of
d 219 color-
1940 census
ite, but the
out five fold
th the ratio
ning about

Pocahontas
tle, 10,000
ording to

's returns
ocahontas
, 10,964;
1.

happen
s for the
sheep;

ning in
rs, 1840
consider
Pocahon
duction
, three
ousand
a thou

In the east cattle were raised by the sweat of the brow, on high cost and high taxed land. In the west, with the buffalo gone, there was hardly end to possibilities of the number of wild cattle. There would be two roundups a year. In the spring to brand the calves; in the fall to cut out beef cattle for market. It is no wonder the east was forced out of the cattle business when came the competition of the boundless west.

As example of what is possible in wild cattle take the treeless plains of South America. In the 1550's a bull and seven cows were brought from Spain. From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

Australia and New Zealand had the same experience with

Let m
that ab
back cha
the econ
and the
declined
decline
so carefu
up to suc
lence in
ing the

In Tuc
winters
practice
The pen
was a te
countries
cattle fo
ern Virg

have not
old yearli
years of
ing. An
cheap cat
a steer wa
salted in

The exis
hoe cattle
the breede
of the She
mac and

s, according to
essor's returns
in Pocahontas
cattle, 10,964;
s, 3101.

son, I happen
returns for the
, 446; sheep;

alarming in
years, 1840
in consider
his Pocahon
production
ago, three

thousand
teen thou
thousand
little pro
ease here
pared with

y settled
ch large
ago may
ern range

orted mil
d there
e east in
k. No

ented in
ore the
e range
s have

that if
d been
een no
Where

led up
untry,
There

From these sprang the
millions and millions of wild cattle
of the South American pampas. Ex
cept for the buffalo, the same condi
tion would have prevailed in North
America. There never was a time
when the wild cattle of South Ameri
ca did not yield readily to domestica
tion. For many generations they
were hunted for their hides alone, as
was the buffalo of the north. How
ever, whenever it was considered
worth while to corral wild cattle, it
was found that in a short time they
became accustomed to the control of
man.

Australia and New Zealand had the
same experience with range cattle.
It is small wonder that beef from the
west and the south and down under
made the eastern cattle raiser live
hard. But this eastern American is
a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at
home depended upon a diversity of
crops, and the others went west to
engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace
Greeley uttered some careless words
which became a slogan: "Go west
young man, grow up with the coun
try." Millions acted upon his advice
and when they went they went to stay
the result is a rich and populous west
The conditions in the west are more
nearly approaching those in the east
each year and so the handicap under
which the eastern cattle man has la
bored for three generations is grow
ing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded
from the western plains, the steer ad
vanced. See

was a term
countries,
cattle found
ern Virgin

have not h
old yearling
years of ag
ing. Anot
cheap cattle
a steer was
salted in his

The existe
hoe cattle w
the breeders
of the Shena
mac and Ty
bull became
Cattle seeme
animals in t
the sire and
can be seen t
royal bull wa
passes of the
watched to k
the divide. A
could be driv
highlands wit
If there were
bunch, the clos
the herds, so th
worked out of
suasion and oth

The English c
ed here—that o
one cow or mo
tention to herds.
nity to raise pur
The four year
the sacred ox

s, according to
essor's returns
in Pocahontas
cattle, 10,964;
s, 3101.

son, I happen
returns for the
446; sheep;

alarming in
years, 1840
in consider
his Pocahon
production
ago, three

thousand
teen thou
thousand
little pro
ease here
pared with

y settled
ch large
ago may
ern range
orted mil
d there
e east in
k. No

ented in
ore the
e range
s have
that if
d been
een no
Where
led up
untry,
There

From these sprang the
millions and millions of wild cattle
of the South American pampas. Ex
cept for the buffalo, the same condi
tion would have prevailed in North
America. There never was a time
when the wild cattle of South Ameri
ca did not yield readily to domestica
tion. For many generations they
were hunted for their hides alone, as
was the buffalo of the north. How
ever, whenever it was considered
worth while to corral wild cattle, it
was found that in a short time they
became accustomed to the control of
man.

Australia and New Zealand had the
same experience with range cattle.
It is small wonder that beef from the
west and the south and down under
made the eastern cattle raiser live
hard. But this eastern American is
a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at
home depended upon a diversity of
crops, and the others went west to
engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace
Greeley uttered some careless words
which became a slogan: "Go west
young man, grow up with the coun
try." Millions acted upon his advice
and when they went they went to stay
the result is a rich and populous west
The conditions in the west are more
nearly approaching those in the east
each year and so the handicap under
which the eastern cattle man has la
bored for three generations is grow
ing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded
from the western plains, the steer ad
vanced.

was a term
countries,
cattle found
ern Virginia

have not be
old yearling
years of ag
ing. Anot
cheap cattle
a steer was
salted in his

The existe
hoe cattle w
the breeders
of the Shena
mac and Ty
bull became
Cattle seeme
animals in t
the sire and
can be seen t
royal bull wa
passes of the
watched to k
the divide. A
could be driv
highlands wit
If there were
bunch, the clos
the herds, so th
worked out of
suasion and oth

The English c
ed here—that o
one cow or mo
tention to herds
nity to raise pur
The four year
the sacred ox

the increase here
as compared with

sparsely settled
s had such large
century ago may
the western range
s supported mil-
alo, and there
with the east in
livestock. No
represented in
fell before the
rs. The range
onomists have
again that if
alo had been
have been no
west. Where
traveled up
of country,
grass. These
arvation was
limit.
the extinc
in Pocahon
of the east
hurt them.
e raising of
tince. This
stock grow
it put him
ange cattle
are than is
only owner
evidenced

hard. But this eastern American is
a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at
home depended upon a diversity of
crops, and the others went west to
engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace
Greeley uttered some careless words
which became a slogan: "Go west
young man, grow up with the coun-
try." Millions acted upon his advice
and when they went they went to stay
the result is a rich and populous west
The conditions in the west are more
nearly approaching those in the east
each year and so the handicap under
which the eastern cattle man has la-
bored for three generations is grow-
ing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded
from the western plains, the steer ad-
vanced. Soon they had replaced the
buffalo. Then the Pocahontas county
stockman found himself up against
it. He could not even turn to the
production of butter and cheese, as
the cattlemen of New York and other
states did. In those days nothing
could be marketed from Pocahontas
which could not walk out on its own
feet to the rail head. The way out
in these blue grass valleys was found.
By taking care a domesticated animal
could be raised that commanded a
far better price than the range cattle
of the west. They set about to im-
prove the breed; Thus export cattle
were produced which brought a living
for the care expended.

the sire and not
can be seen the a
royal bull was
passes of the m
watched to keep
the divide. A bu
could be driven
highlands withou
If there were bul
bunch, the close
the herds, so the
worked out of the
suasion and other

The English cus-
ed here—that of s
one cow or more
tention to herds,
nity to raise pure

The four year o
the sacred ox in
held sacred to the
he was created; an
city market for k
know, there neve
four year old ste
eaten in Pocahont
tion has it, a pecu
brier county, decid
was as good as any
ple of export ste
market. He like to
business, for his cus
demanded the kind
ed while these expo

the increase here
as compared with

sparsely settled
s had such large
century ago may
the western range
s supported mil
alo, and there
with the east in
livestock. No

represented in
fell before the
rs. The range
onomists have
again that if
alo had been
have been no
west. Where
traveled up
of country,
grass. These
arvation was
limit.

the extinc
in Pocahon
of the east
hurt them.
a raising of
since. This
stock grow
it put him
ange cattle
are than is
only owner
evidenced

hard. But this eastern American is
a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at
home depended upon a diversity of
crops, and the others went west to
engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace
Greeley uttered some careless words
which became a slogan: "Go west
young man, grow up with the coun-
try." Millions acted upon his advice
and when they went they went to stay
the result is a rich and populous west
The conditions in the west are more
nearly approaching those in the east
each year and so the handicap under
which the eastern cattle man has la-
bored for three generations is grow-
ing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded
from the western plains, the steer ad-
vanced. Soon they had replaced the
buffalo. Then the Pocahontas county
stockman found himself up against
it. He could not even turn to the
production of butter and cheese, as
the cattlemen of New York and other
states did. In those days nothing
could be marketed from Pocahontas
which could not walk out on its own
feet to the rail head. The way out
in these blue grass valleys was found.
By taking care a domesticated animal
could be raised that commanded a
far better price than the range cattle
of the west. They set about to im-
prove the breed; Thus export cattle
were produced which brought a living
for the care expended.

the sire and not
can be seen the a
royal bull was
passes of the m
watched to keep
the divide. A bu
could be driven
highlands withou
If there were bul
bunch, the close
the herds, so the
worked out of the
suasion and other

The English cus-
ed here—that of s
one cow or more
tention to herds,
nity to raise pure

The four year o
the sacred ox in
held sacred to the
he was created; an
city market for k
know, there neve
four year old ste
eaten in Pocahont
tion has it, a pecu
brier county, decid
was as good as any
ple of export ste
market. He like to
business, for his cus
demanded the kind
ed while these expo

Panhandle - 7

raised by
high cost
the west,
there was
the num
would be
he spring
all to cut
It is no
d out of
came the
west.

ossible in
plains of
s a bull
at from
ing the
cattle
as. Ex
a condi
North

a time
Ameri-
zeetle
they
one, as
How
sidered
le, it
they
of

Let me here interline the remark that about a quarter of a century back changes began to come about in the economic scheme of world affairs. and the demand for big export cattle declined and went out. It marked decline in the quality of our cattle, so carefully and laboriously brought up to such high standard of excellence in the two generations following the war between the states

In Tuckahoe Virginia, where the winters are mild, there persisted the practice of raising unimproved cattle. The penny royal bull of the old days was a term of reproach in grazing countries, and referred to the class of cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have

have not heard in years was a four old yearling, meaning a steer four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the cheap cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be salted in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah. Great

Pachyderm - 7

raised by
high cost
the west,
there was
the num
would be
he spring
all to cut
It is no
out of
came the
west.

ossible in
plains of
s a bull
at from
ing the
cattle
as. Ex
a condi
North

a time
Ameri-
restica
they
one, as
How
sidered
le, it
e they
nd of

Let me here interline the remark that about a quarter of a century back changes began to come about in the economic scheme of world affairs, and the demand for big export cattle declined and went out. It marked decline in the quality of our cattle, so carefully and laboriously brought up to such high standard of excellence in the two generations following the war between the states.

In Tuckahoe Virginia, where the winters are mild, there persisted the practice of raising unimproved cattle. The penny royal bull of the old days was a term of reproach in grazing countries, and referred to the class of cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have

have not heard in years was a four old yearling, meaning a steer four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the cheap cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be salted in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah. Green

countries, and referred to the class of cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have

have not heard in years was a four old yearling, meaning a steer four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the cheap cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be salted in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Potomac and Tygarts. The pennyroyal bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the aversion to the pennyroyal bull was well founded. The passes of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of sinewy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and helpers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herds, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fixed here—that of seeing families with one cow or

countries, and referred to the class of cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have

have not heard in years was a four old yearling, meaning a steer four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the cheap cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be salted in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Potomac and Tygarts. The pennyroyal bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the aversion to the pennyroyal bull was well founded. The passes of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of sinewy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and helpers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herds, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fixed here—that of seeing families with one cow or

ew Zealand had the
with range cattle.
that beef from the
and down under
cattle raiser live
stern American is
ose who stayed at
on a diversity of
ers went west to
business.

s. Editor Horace
e careless words
logan: "Go west
with the coun-
upon his advice
they went to stay
so populous west
e west are more
hose in the east
handicap under
tle man has la-
ations is grow-

buffalo receded
s, the steer ad-
d replaced the
ahontas county
elf up against
n turn to the
and cheese, as
York and other
days nothing
m Pocahontas
out on its own
The way out
ys was found,
treated animal
ommanded a
range cattle
about to im-

of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Photo
mac and Tygarts. The pennyroyal
bull became much dreaded and feared
Cattle seemed to be peculiar among
animals in that they breed true to
the sire and not to the dam. So it
can be seen the aversion to the penny
royal bull was well founded. The
passes of the mountains were well
watched to keep him on his side of
the divide. A bunch of sinewy steers
could be driven to the grass in the
highlands without causing concern.
If there were bulls and heifers in the
bunch, the close watch was kept on
the herds, so the interlopers could be
worked out of the country by moral
suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fix-
ed here—that of seeing families with
one cow or more, who made no pre-
tention to herds, were given opportu-
nity to raise purebred stock.

The four year old export steer was
the sacred ox in these mountains;
held sacred to the purpose for which
he was created; and went to the large
city market for beef. So far as I
know, there never was a standard
four year old steer butchered and
eaten in Pocahontas county. Tradi-
tion has it, a peculiar man in Green-
brier county, deciding that the best
was as good as any, butchered a cou-
ple of export steers for the home
market. He like to have ruined his
business, for his customers ever after
demanded the kind of beef he furnish-
ed while these export steers lasted.

ew Zealand had the
with range cattle.
that beef from the
and down under
cattle raiser live
stern American is
ose who stayed at
on a diversity of
ers went west to
business.

s. Editor Horace
e careless words
logan: "Go west
with the coun-
upon his advice
they went to stay
ad populous west
e west are more
hose in the east
handicap under
tle man has la-
ations is grow-

buffalo receded
s, the steer ad-
d replaced the
ahontas county
elf up against
n turn to the
and cheese, as
York and other
days nothing
m Pocahontas
out on its own
The way out-
ys was found,
tested animal
demanded a
range cattle
about to im-

of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Photo
mac and Tygatts. The pennyroyal
bull became much dreaded and feared
Cattle seemed to be peculiar among
animals in that they breed true to
the sire and not to the dam. So it
can be seen the aversion to the penny
royal bull was well founded. The
passes of the mountains were well
watched to keep him on his side of
the divide. A bunch of sinewy steers
could be driven to the grass in the
highlands without causing concern.
If there were bulls and heifers in the
bunch, the close watch was kept on
the herds, so the interlopers could be
worked out of the country by moral
suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fix-
ed here—that of seeing families with
one cow or more, who made no pre-
tention to herds, were given opportu-
nity to raise purebred stock.

The four year old export steer was
the sacred ox in these mountains;
held sacred to the purpose for which
he was created; and went to the large
city market for beef. So far as I
know, there never was a standard
four year old steer butchered and
eaten in Pocahontas county. Trad-
ition has it, a peculiar man in Green-
brier county, deciding that the best
was as good as any, butchered a cou-
ple of export steers for the home
market. He like to have ruined his
business, for his customers ever after
demanded the kind of beef he furnish-
ed while these export steers lasted.

The last generation has seen a decided change for the worse in the quality of our cattle. The big demand is for stocker cattle—calves, yearlings, and two year olds, to be fed out for beef in corn raising counties. A lot of milk stock has been brought in. Every housewife demands one or more Jerseys, Holsteins or Guernseys at the milk gap for home supply, and weekly shipments of cans of cream Daries have come to supply town people with their daily milk. In most every bunch of cattle can be seen the slim hips which denote milk stock. The hired man goes about the milking as a matter of course. Men have grown to maturity who never heard the bolsterous defy song of the old timers, one verse of which went some thing like this:

They can't set me down to no three
legg'd stool.

With a painted milk bucket at knee,
What, do they think I'm that kind
of a fool!

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a
wooden factory made
the

The last generation has seen a decided change for the worse in the quality of our cattle. The big demand is for stocker cattle—calves, yearlings, and two year olds, to be fed out for beef in corn raising counties. A lot of milk stock has been brought in. Every housewife demands one or more Jerseys, Holsteins or Guernseys at the milk gap for home supply, and weekly shipments of cans of cream Daries have come to supply town people with their daily milk. In most every bunch of cattle can be seen the slim hips which denote milk stock. The hired man goes about the milking as a matter of course. Men have grown to maturity who never heard the bolsterous defy song of the old timers, one verse of which went some thing like this:

They can't set me down to no three
legg'd stool.

With a painted milk bucket at knee,
What, do they think I'm that kind
of a fool!

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a
wooden factory made
the

The hired hand
ing as a matter of course.
grown to maturity who never heard
the bolsterous defy song of the old
timers, one verse of which went some
thing like this:

They can't set me down to no three
legg'd stool.

With a painted milk bucket at knee,
What, do they think I'm that kind
of a fool.

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a
wooden factory made one, bought at
the store. The term painted was
applied to differentiate between the
heavier, more lubberly bucket made
by some handy man in the communi-
ty. I have not heard the term in
years, now I come to think about in.

I see now I have once again started
to write something hard to stop in
allocated space. To make as neat a
landing as possible, let me say that
our town has survived and prospered
during the late depression on the mil-
lion dollar annual income of Pocahon-
tas county farmers, mostly derived
from live stock. Each and every one
of us has a stake in the expansion of
livestock industry, through better
breeding and better care of cattle and
sheep on these everlasting hills.
Much can be learned from the experi-
ence of the old time stockman, who
came up from disaster by producing
a better steer when the cheap beef
from wild cattle from the western
plains flooded the market.

The hired hand
ing as a matter of course.
grown to maturity who never heard
the bolsterous defy song of the old
timers, one verse of which went some
thing like this:

They can't set me down to no three
legg'd stool.

With a paloted milk bucket at knee,
What, do they think I'm that kind
of a fool.

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a
wooden factory made one, bought at
the store. The term painted was
applied to differentiate between the
heavier, more lubberly bucket made
by some handy man in the communi-
ty. I have not heard the term in
years, now I come to think about in.

I see now I have once again started
to write something hard to stop in
allocated space. To make as neat a
landing as possible, let me say that
our town has survived and prospered
during the late depression on the mil-
lion dollar annual income of Pocahon-
tas county farmers, mostly derived
from live stock. Each and every one
of us has a stake in the expansion of
livestock industry, through better
breeding and better care of cattle and
sheep on these everlasting hills.
Much can be learned from the experi-
ence of the old time stockman, who
came up from disaster by producing
a better steer when the cheap beef
from wild cattle from the western
plains flooded the

landing as possible, but our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Pocahontas county farmers, mostly derived from livestock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these everlasting hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better steer when the cheap beef from wild cattle from the western plains flooded the market. What grandpa did to save his business, we can do to improve ours. Dr. Wilson, up at the University Farm, says the solution of our live stock problems lies in the breed, care and feed. These three, but the greatest of these is feed.

So we say to all those who follow the track of a steer it looks like good times are coming back in the cattle business, and that right soon. In fact the text I had in mind when I started to write was the news that Cousin Cam Beard topped the Baltimore market with a couple of carloads of three year old steers, 1300 pounds and better, to net him around \$50 a hundred weight.

landing as possible, but our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Pocahontas county farmers, mostly derived from livestock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these everlasting hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better steer when the cheap beef from wild cattle from the western plains flooded the market. What grandpa did to save his business, we can do to improve ours. Dr. Wilson, up at the University Farm, says the solution of our live stock problems lies in the breed, care and feed. These three, but the greatest of these is feed.

So we say to all those who follow the track of a steer it looks like good times are coming back in the cattle business, and that right soon. In fact the text I had in mind when I started to write was the news that Cousin Cam Beard topped the Baltimore market with a couple of carloads of three year old steers, 1300 pounds and better, to net him around \$8 50 a hundred weight.

Pocahontas

Chapter 4

Somewhat under duress exerted at such capable hands of authority as Miss Mabel, who is the wife, poor dear, and Doctor Jim, I made the perfectly sincere and all to the good New Year's resolution to quit so much of my running around.

To begin with, I had made a hand for a couple of days on a deer hunt. An old flat foot broke down under pressure, and an infection resulted. The blood stream got to acting up over it and they put me to bed for parts of three days with my foot in slings. This was different from the metaphorical slings I am always putting my foot in. The orders were positive and plain: from here on I was to act my age. Being on the anxious seat, I readily assented and expected to comply.

My word being out before witnesses, it was with me the summer of self-righteous pride which precedes the fall. I declined with regret certain public appearances to break a few random remarks. Ordinarily, I would have risked a better leg than my worse one to have accepted such kind invites.

Come last Sunday afternoon; I was humped up in the chimney corner, with shoes off before the fire, a wondering in my mind if duty was not calling for the sacrifice of a pleasant strolling walk in the woods, for to check up on the birds, beasts and varmints, for a long range forecast on the snow storm the crackle of the fireplace said was breeding.

I hurry to say I am for the daily weather forecasts; their twenty-four hour predictions are to be depended upon for the short period attempted to be covered. However I want longer range forecasts myself, to consult the cut cats in the fall as to general prospects for a hard or soft winter; then to read again weekly for the immediate period ahead.

As I pondered to make believe to and cut out words marked for there was satisfaction in the correct emphatics. Then other rehearsals for of having been a powerful man in my tre revised script. All this was just dry, the telephone jangled to break about us dull as dish water and as on the silence of the hour hour. It was interesting as preparations for the New York. "We the People" were old home town pageant.

Nothing over a spontaneous little enthusiasm soon causes it to lose flavor and become flat as a board, no matter how so interesting in the morning sun it may appear, when first expressed through the like musing up sincerely wings by too much handling. If you

I have said before it is ever a painful duty for me to witness my feeble data to show the works in those who wonder what it all may be about any

It is fifty miles down to the little wonder what it all may be about any

The gentleman with the kindest intention in the world, considerately inquired if I had expence money; if not, he would wire an amount sufficient. Damn it, that old boy don't know his mountain people, to realize that if I did not have the money by me or knew where I could get it, I would have had to pullily rely on the invite for very good reasons, such as being in bed with bear scratches, and quarantined for rabies.

Incidentally, the record should show that well heeled neighbors did shell out liberally on the spur of my great moment in amounts more than sufficient. I am further moved to remark the old saying is still true that we mountain people are like wild hogs in that we eat each other, but let one of us squeal, and the whole drove packs to his relief.

For seven generations my people have tracked the Seneca Trail—some times before and some times after the I did—but none of the breed ever went that long trail awinding with greater trepidation of heart. How ever, you know the old saying, no foot, no fun, so I went along determined to have a good time regardless, but how I did dread it all. Oh, why should the heart of a mortal be proud!

The trip from the settlement on was just another train ride. At the hotel, there were directions to call the captain's office. Reporting there, an interview was had, in which the short and simple annals of a poor country editor were jotted down for the professional script writer to put within meets and bounds for five minutes of dialogue—no more, no less. Then appointments were made for studio rehearsals. Here your reading voice is laid out in the radio broadcast; the script revised, added

nothing over a spontaneous little enthusiasm soon causes it to lose flavor and become flat as a board, no matter how so interesting in the morning sun it may appear, when first expressed through the like musing up sincerely wings by too much handling. If you

I have said before it is ever a painful duty for me to witness my feeble data to show the works in those who wonder what it all may be about any

Pocahontas

Chapter 4

Somewhat under duress exerted at such capable hands of authority as Miss Mabel, who is the wife, poor dear, and Doctor Jim, I made the perfectly sincere and all to the good New Year's resolution to quit so much of my mooning around.

To begin with, I had made a hand for a couple of days on a deer hunt. An old flat foot broke down under pressure; and an infection resulted. The blood stream got to acting up over it and they put me to bed for parts of three days with my foot in a sling. This was different from the metaphorical slings I am always putting my foot in. The orders were positive and plain: from here on I was to act my age. Being on the anxious seat, I readily assented and expected to comply.

My word being out before witnesses, it was with me the summer of self-righteous pride which precedes the fall. I declined with regret certain public appearances to break a few random remarks. Ordinarily, I would have asked a better leg than my worse one to have accepted such kind invites.

Come last Sunday afternoon; I was humped up in the chimney corner, with shoes off before the fire, a wondering in my mind: if duty was not calling for the sacrifice of a pleasant six mile walk in the woods, for to chuck up on the birds, beasts and ramblins, for a long range forecast on the snow storm the crackle of the fire said was brewing.

I hurry to say I am for the daily weather forecasts; their twenty-four hour predictions are to be depended upon in the short period attempted to be covered. However I want long range forecasts myself, to consult the future in the fall as to general prospects for a hard or soft winter; then to read again weekly for the immediate period ahead.

As I pondered to make believe to and cut out; words marked for there was satisfaction in the concealment. Then other rehearsals for of being left a powerful man in my treacherous script. All this was just dig, the telephone jangled to break about as dull as dish water and as unthe ally of the hour. It was interesting as preparations for the New York, "We the People" were old home town people. I don't know whether I could catch the next train out for the big town. For to be in the position of the popular radio broadcast which advertised Santa Clara. It seemed a typical country editor was wanted, and would I be the lucky cherry? In the words of the truth in a catch my point. I have said before it is ever a pain. I don't say for me to believe my teeth. I don't say the words to those who don't know what it all may be about any more.

It is big pull down to the little wonder what it all may be about any more. The train would leave in a matter of hours, and it a snowing. I could sit the day and not in a few minutes with bells a ringing.

The gentleman with the kindest intention in the world, considerably indulged if I had expense money; if not, he would wire an amount sufficient. ~~Bygone, that old boy don't know his mountain people, to realize that if I did not have the money by me or knew where I could get it. I would have had to politely refuse the invite for very good reasons, such as being in bed with bear scratches, and quarantined for rabies.~~

Incidentally, the record should show that well heeled neighbors did shell out liberally on the spur of my great moment in amounts more than sufficient. I am further moved to remark the old saying is still true that we mountain people are like wild hogs in that we eat each other, but let one of us squeal, and the whole drove packs to his relief.

For seven generations my people have tracked the Seneca Trail—some times before and some times after the I don't know—but none of the breed ever went that long trail awinding with greater trepidation of heart. Now I've got you know the old saying, no foot, no fun, so I went along determined to have a good time, regardless, but how I did dread it all. Oh, why should the heart of a mortal be proud!

The trip from the settlement on was just another train ride. At the hotel, there were directions to call the captain's office. Reporting there, an interview was had, in which the short and simple annals of a poor country editor were jotted down for the professional script writer to put within meets and bounds for five minutes of dialogue—no more, no less. Then appointments were made for studio rehearsals. Here your reading voice is tried out in fit radio broadcasting; the script revised, added, changed, and cut out; words marked for emphasis. Then other rehearsals for of being left a powerful man in my treacherous script. All this was just dig, the telephone jangled to break about as dull as dish water and as unthe ally of the hour. It was interesting as preparations for the New York, "We the People" were old home town people. I don't know whether I could catch the next train out for the big town. For to be in the position of the popular radio broadcast which advertised Santa Clara. It seemed a typical country editor was wanted, and would I be the lucky cherry? In the words of the truth in a catch my point. I have said before it is ever a pain. I don't say for me to believe my teeth. I don't say the words to those who don't know what it all may be about any more.

Mooning over a spontaneous little outburst some causes it to lose flavor and become flat as a board, no matter how so interesting in the morning sun it may appear, when first expressed through the wings by too much handling, if you catch my point.

I have said before it is ever a pain. I don't say for me to believe my teeth. I don't say the words to those who don't know what it all may be about any more.

There being no part nor parcel of play acting in my make up, there was no temptation to become temperamental, hysterical, in common, everyday language. So like the dumb, driven ox which I am, I plodded along the lines held out for me. I don't realize I had no particular desire to live through it all, for I knew well that I was allowed even to come back to the Greenbrier Valley. I could never hope to live the matter down.

To relieve tense nerves anywhere, I will here say I did live through the experience, and have returned to the home of my family. The men and women which packed the big hall responded to the week sign about the same as a gathering of mountain people; there were kind, encouraging words from the management; there has been a flow of fan mail; even the home people received gladly the threadbare lines I am now writing.

As an experience I would not take anything for it, but I do not choose any more. Like the old man who said he would not take a million dollars for his wife, but would hesitate to give a dime for another just like her.

My little skill was a dialogue between two editors. Webster Number One was Editor Schoenfeldt of the New York Journal American, 846,000 circulation, 1600 employees. Webster Number Two was your Editor of the Pocahontas Times, 3,000 subscribers, 3 employees. I cottoned to the city editor no end; he is smart and he is likable. What a man I could have made of him if I had caught him early enough to train him up as a country editor. Here his personality would have touched humanity direct—a light on a bushel and not under it.

The Confederacy was pretty well represented on the stage that night. In addition to this unreconstructed rebel, The director, Mr Stronach, is one of the Virginia Cavaliers from Clark County. Miss Jene Pickens is a professional singer, whose head is as red as the clay hills of Georgia from whence she came. These two have joined the Yankees and now live in New York.

Then there was that son of the far South, Will Davis, executive secretary of the Board of Trade, city of Pensacola, Florida, turkey hunter and hound dog man. His mother was a professional singer. About forty years ago, her analog of the ever popular song "O Promise Me" was transcribed on a victrola record. Not one record could be found, though Mr Davis sought diligently. "We the People" had one for him in an hour after his plea had gone "out over the air."

Another on the job that night was Car Band, that great racing son of Neptune, whose speed boots have won so many races there is no one left with the nerve to challenge him.

There was the intervening Major of the air postal navy of Rome, who designs the military plans for America these days.

Then there were Mr and Mrs George Lowther of New York whose recent marriage ceremony manifested great wisdom and their subsequent and marriage has been heralded from coast to coast in the daily papers. They are a nice young couple and I am for them. If they will send me their address when they go to admit keeping I will send them some right to the extent of a year's subscription to the Pocahontas Times.

The remaining features of the program was a group of boys from the Bowery, who sang in-quantity. They were bright little chaps, with the spirit of artists. I got real pleasure with them. Don't get any more news; I have barely pronounced them has spent time. They were of local attraction, about.

Pocahontas Times
1/12/40

There being no part nor parcel of play acting in my make up, there was no temptation to become temperamental, hysterical, in common, everyday language. So like the dumb, driven ox which I am, I plodded along the time laid out for me. I finally realized I had no particular desire to live through it all, for I knew full well if I was allowed even to come back to the Greenbrier Valley, I could never hope to live the matter down.

To relieve tense and/or nervous, I will here say I did live through the experience, and have returned to the lap of my family. The very audience which packed the big theatre responded to the weak gaze about the same as a gathering of mountain people; there were kind, encouraging words from the management. There has been a flow of fan mail, even the home people in and about the threadbare lines I come over the air.

As an experience I would not take anything for it, but I do not choose any more. Like the old man who said he would not take a million dollars for his wife, but would hesitate to give a dime for another just like her.

My little skill was a dialogue between two editors. Exhibit Number One was Editor Schoenstede of the New York Journal American, 850,000 circulation, 1500 employees. Exhibit Number Two was your Editor of the Pocahontas Times, 2,000 subscribers, 3 employees. I cottoned to the city editor no end; he is smart and he is likable. What a man I could have made of him if I had caught him early enough to train him as a country editor. Here his personality would have touched humanity direct—a light on a bushel and not under it.

The Confederacy was pretty well represented on the stage that night. In addition to this unreconstructed rebel. The director, Mr Stronach is one of the Virginia Cavaliers from Clark County. Miss Jane Pickens is a professional singer, whose head is as red as the clay hills of Georgia from whence she came. These two have joined the Yankees and now live in New York.

Then there was that son of the far South, Will Davis, executive secretary of the Board of Trade, city of Pensacola, Florida, turkey hunter and hound dog man. His mother was a professional singer. About forty years ago, her singing of the ever popular song "O Promise Me," was transcribed on a victrola record. Not one record could be found, though Mr Davis sought diligently. "We the People" had one for him in an hour after his plea had gone out over the air.

Another on the job that night was Car Bond, that best racing and of Neptune, whose speed boat have won so many races there is no one left with the nerve to challenge him.

There was the interesting Major of the old postal way of South, who designs his military plans for America these days.

Then there were Mr and Mrs George Lowther of New York whose recent surprising marriage has attracted all the eyes and their subsequent marriage has been heralded from coast to coast in the daily papers. They are a nice young couple and I am for them. If they will send me their address when they go to make a home I will send them over right in the event of a year's subscription to the Pocahontas Times.

The remedial feature of the program was a group of boys from the Bowser, who pray for sinners. They were bright little children with the scars of crime. I got real shocked with them. Don't get me wrong now; I can hardly pronounce much less spell them. They were of low intelligence, mostly.

Pocahontas Times
1/12/40

Precincts - Chapter 4

:-: DIED :-:

Mrs Phoebe Ellen Zickafoose Lambert was born at Cave, Pendleton County, November 13, 1862; she departed this life December 4, 1939, at her home at Greenbank, aged 77 years and 21 days. She was a daughter of the late Sampson and Sarah Simmons Zickafoose. She is survived by her half brother, Robert Mullenax, and her half sister, Mrs Pearlle Lambert, both of Cherry Grove.

On August 19, 1880, she became the wife of James B Lambert. To this union seven children were born. She is survived by her aged husband, and two children, Mrs Boyd Cigler, of Franklin and Mrs Homer Cassell, of Greenbank; also by twenty three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

At the age of twelve years, Mrs Lambert made profession of her faith and joined with the United Brethren Church, ever living the faithful, consistent life of a Christian. She was a great church worker, a teacher in the Sabbath School, ready to do everything in her power to advance The Kingdom. She was a sympathetic friend and neighbor, a loving and affectionate mother.

The funeral service was held from the Greenbank Methodist Church by Rev Quade R. Arbogast. Burial in the Arboreale Cemetery beside the graves of her son and daughter. The pall bearers were her grandsons and the flower bearers her granddaughters.

- MacIntosh Journal

9/7/40

Precious Moments - Chapter 4

:-: DIED :-:

Mrs Phoebe Ellen Zickafoose Lambert was born at Cave, Pendleton County, November 13, 1862; she departed this life December 4, 1939, at her home at Greenbank, aged 77 years and 21 days. She was a daughter of the late Sampson and Sarah Simmons Zickafoose. She is survived by her half brother, Robert Mullenax, and her half sister, Mrs Pearlle Lambert, both of Cherry Grove.

On August 19, 1880, she became the wife of James B Lambert. To this union seven children were born. She is survived by her aged husband, and two children, Mrs Boyd Crigler, of Franklin and Mrs Homer Cassell, of Greenbank; also by twenty three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

At the age of twelve years, Mrs Lambert made profession of her faith and united with the United Brethren Church, ever living the faithful, consistent life of a Christian. She was a great church worker, a teacher in the Sabbath School, ready to do everything in her power to advance The Kingdom. She was a sympathetic friend and neighbor, a loving and affectionate mother.

The funeral service was held from the Greenbank Methodist Church by Rev Quade R. Arbogast. Burial in the Arbore Cemetery beside the graves of her son and daughter. The pall bearers were her grandsons and the flower bearers her granddaughter.

- Mrs. C. L. Zickafoose

9/7/40

OLD TIMES

Dear Mr. Pelee:

On January 5, 1880, my father, C. G. Sutton moved from his father's farm near Greenbank to what is now Mill Creek, then it was called Dog town. We left grandfather's farm early in the morning with our household goods loaded on two covered wagons. One wagon was driven by my uncle Samuel Sutton, and the other by Asbury Sheets. Mother and I rode in Uncle Sam's wagon while father walked and drove two cows. The first day we got as far as Travelers Repose, and there we spent the night with Mr. Peter D. Yeager and his good wife.

In those days the East Fork of the Greenbrier was not bridged so it was necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr. Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then came Back River, or as it is now known, The West Fork of the Greenbrier, and it was much worse than the East Fork. Luck was with us, however, since R. B. Kerr and Harvey Cromer were there at a mill owned and operated by Mr. Kerr. To cross this Fork the wagons were forced to drop from two to three feet from the edge of the ice to the river bed. What a wonder they didn't upset. We managed however to negotiate the ford and start up Cheat Mountain. After traveling all day we reached Cheat Bridge and spent the night in the home of Mr. Cromer. (Right here I want to say that no one ever had a better friend than Mr. Cromer.)

Mother had walked and driven the cows for quite some distance and had frozen her feet. The next morning it was blither cold as only it can be on Cheat Mountain. Mr. Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr. Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs. Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousin, Benek Ward, and took up down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

In August 1880 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of traveling—covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M., the Coal and Iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been run for both, but were anxious to open up the best timber sections.

With the coming of the construction crew the building days began. Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place boasts in sight of lumber operations such as (I think) the Camp and saw mill country. The camps could say it wasn't.

I remember O'Connor's first drive

of logs to the Boneforte Room. Well known men of Pocahontas county were in the crew. Names such as these are familiar to the older generation. Edmund Nottingham, John W. Carpenter, Sherman Sutton, Wise Gillisple, Harper Smith, Lewis Lynch and J. A. (Jimmie) Kirkpatrick. Mr. Kirkpatrick was the cook and his cookee was Roland Scott.

When the construction crew on the Coal and Iron reached what is now Brocker, my father carried the mail to the camp. On days that he could not go I carried the mail on horseback. A box was located in what is now the Lee Galford farm for one of the camps, and from there down to the river and back to Durbin following the railroad grade. N. B. Arbogast, or Uncle Pollo, as he was affectionately known, was post master and I was his assistant.

Days when O'Connell and the construction camps fall off were liable to be rough and I have changed the mail while John Bell or Gratz Slavins stood guard with a Winchester.

When the C & I reached what is now West Durbin, and the C & O what is now Durbin, both had their survey through what is called the Narrows just above Durbin. Both roads were anxious to lay steel through the gap and the C & O got the jump on the C & I. They rushed a crew in one Saturday night, in October 1902. Sunday saw intense activity and when evening came a flat car loaded with ties stood at the end of steel. That is where the switch is located going into Pocahontas Tanning Company siding.

I have seen Durbin grow from this start to, where it is today. Located on U. S. 250, the old Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and the junction of the W. M. and C & O. Rail Roads. Grown from two houses a post office and one small country store to an almost model town. Today we have paved streets, a water system second to none in the state, modern electric lights and power from the West Penn, a consolidated Methodist Church, movies in a modern theatre, and a graded school second to none in the county and closely crowding any in the state. No, Durbin hasn't done so badly by herself.

Give credit for our school to those men who in the past years have fought so hard for a high standard of learning. Mr. Flynn, Mr. Ratson, Mr. Hedrick, Mr. McMillon and Mr. Posner. These men, assisted by as fine a group of teachers as anywhere in the State have made our school a top ranking one.

I really started out to describe the difference in transportation between Greenbank and Mill Creek fifty years ago and today but got sidetracked and rambled around until I have given a condensed history of Durbin.

To show the difference in modes of transportation I would suggest a trip in a 1910 model car over State Route 25 and U. S. 250.

Mrs. P. F. Kados.

Durbin, W. Va.

Pocahontas
Times
1/18/40

OLD TIMES

Dear Mr. Price:

On January 5, 1880, my father, C. G. Sutton moved from his father's farm near Greenbank to what is now Mill Creek, then it was called Dog town. We left grandfather's farm early in the morning with our household goods loaded on two covered wagons. One wagon was driven by my uncle Samuel Sutton, and the other by Asbury Sheets. Mother and I rode in Uncle Sam's wagon while father walked and drove two cows. The first day we got as far as Travelers Repose, and there we spent the night with Mr. Peter D. Yeager and his good wife.

In those days the East Fork of the Greenbrier was not bridged so it was necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr. Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then came Back River, or as it is now known, The West Fork of the Greenbrier, and it was much worse than the East Fork. Luck was with us, however, since R. B. Kerr and Harvey Cromer were there at a mill owned and operated by Mr. Kerr. To cross this Fork the wagons were forced to drop from two to three feet from the edge of the ice to the river bed. What a wonder they didn't upset. We managed however to negotiate the ford and start up Cheat Mountain. After traveling all day we reached Cheat Bridge and spent the night in the home of Mr. Cromer. (Right here I want to say that no one ever had a better friend than Mr. Cromer.)

Mother had walked and driven the cows for quite some distance and had frozen her feet. The next morning it was bliter cold as only it can be on Cheat Mountain. Mr. Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr. Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs. Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousin, Benlok Ward, and took up down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

In August 1880 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of traveling—covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M., the Coal and Iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been made for both roads; and anxious to open up the east timber sections.

With the coming of the construction crew the rough days began. Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight of lumber operations such as O'Connell's Camp and two steel construction camps could say so much?

I remember O'Connell's first stage

of logs to the Ronneville Boom. Well known men of Pocahontas county were in the crew. Names such as these are familiar to the older generation. Bland Nottingham, John W. Carpenter, Sherman Sutton, Wise Gillespie, Harper Smith, Lewis Lynch and J. A. (Jimmie) Kirkpatrick. Mr. Kirkpatrick was the cook and his cookee was Roland Scott.

When the construction crew on the Coal and Iron reached what is now Brocker, my father carried the mail to the camp. On days that he could not go I carried the mail on horseback. A box was located in what is now the Lee Galford farm for one of the camps, and from there down to the river and back to Durbin following the railroad grade. N. B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polle, as he was affectionately known, was post master and I was his assistant.

Days when O'Connell and the construction camps paid off, were liable to be rough and I have changed the mail while John Bell or Gratz Slavins stood guard with a Winchester.

When the C & I reached what is now West Durbin, and the C & O what is now Durbin, both had their survey through what is called the Narrows just above Durbin. Both roads were anxious to lay steel through the gap and the C & O got the jump on the C & I. They rushed a crew in one Saturday night, in October 1882. Sunday saw intense activity and when evening came a flat car loaded with ties stood at the end of steel. That is where the switch is located going into Pocahontas Tanning Company siding.

I have seen Durbin grow from this start to, where it is today. Located on U. S. 250, the old Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and the junction of the W. M. and C & O. Rail Roads. Grown from two houses a post office and one small country store to an almost model town. Today we have paved streets, a water system second to none in the state, modern electric lights and power from the West Penn, a consolidated Methodist Church, movies in a modern theatre, and a graded school second to none in the county and closely crowding any in the state. No, Durbin hasn't done so badly by herself.

Give credit for our school to those men who in the past years have fought so hard for a high standard of learning. Mr. Flynn, Mr. Ratson, Mr. Hedrick, Mr. McMillon and Mr. Poseover. These men, assisted by as fine a group of teachers as anywhere in the State have made our school a top ranking one.

I really started out to describe the difference in transportation between Greenbank and Mill Creek fifty years ago and today but got sidetracked and rambled around until I have given a condensed history of Durbin.

To show the difference in modes of transportation I would suggest a trip in a 1910 model car over State Route 25 and U. S. 250.

Mrs. P. F. Hudson,
Durbin, W. Va.

Pocahontas
Times
1/15/40

OLD TIMES

Dear Mr. Price:

On January 5, 1886, my father, C. G. Sutton moved from his fathers' farm near Greenbank to what is now Mill Creek. then it was called Dog town. We left grandfather's farm early in the morning with our household goods loaded on two covered wagons. One wagon was driven by my uncle Samuel Sutton and the other by Asbury Sheets. Mother and I rode in Uncle Sam's wagon while father walked and drove two cows. The first day we got as far as Travelers Repose, and there we spent the night with Mr Peter D. Yeager and his good wife.

In those days the East Fork of the Greenbrier was not bridged so it was necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then

logs known were in these a ation.

Carpent Gillispie and J. Mr Kirk cookee

When the Coal now Bro mail to could no horsebac what is one of down to

bin follow B. Arbog was affe master an

Days w struction be rough mall while stood guar

OLD TIMES

Dear Mr. Price:

On January 5, 1886, my father, C. G. Sutton moved from his fathers' farm near Greenbank to what is now Mill Creek. then it was called Dog town. We left grandfather's farm early in the morning with our household goods loaded on two covered wagons. One wagon was driven by my uncle Samuel Sutton and the other by Asbury Sheets. Mother and I rode in Uncle Sam's wagon while father walked and drove two cows. The first day we got as far as Travelers Repose, and there we spent the night with Mr Peter D. Yeager and his good wife.

In those days the East Fork of the Greenbrier was not bridged so it was necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then

logs known were in these a ation.

Carpent Gillispie and J. Mr Kirk cookee

When the Coal now Bro mail to could no horsebac what is one of down to

bin follow B. Arbog was affe master an

Days w struction be rough mall while stood guar

necessary to ford the stream. Ice had
frozen several feet from each bank of
the stream, leaving a deep channel
in the middle. It was necessary for
the men assisted by Mr. Yeager and
his son Will, to cut a channel through
the shore ice so the wagons could get
over. Then came Back River, or—as
it is now known, The West Fork of
the Greenbrier. and it was much
worse than the East Fork. Luck was
with us, however, since R. B. Kerr
and Harvey Cromer were there at a
mill owned and operated by Mr Kerr.
To cross this Fork the wagons were
forced to drop from two to three
feet from the edge of the ice to the
river bed. What a wonder they
didn't upset. We managed however
to negotiate the ford and start up
Cheat Mountain. After traveling all
day we reached Cheat Bridge and
spent the night in the home of Mr
Cromer. (Right here I want to say
that no one ever had a better friend
than Mr. Cromer.)

Mother had walked and driven the
cows for quite some distance and had
frozen her feet. The next morning
it was bitter cold as only it can be on
Cheat Mountain. Mr Cromer sent
mother and me on to the last top by
sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived.
Mother and Mrs Lludsay prepared a
hot dinner for the men.

was aff
master a
Days v
struction
be roug
mail whi
stood gu
When
now Wes
what is
survey t
Narrows
roads wer
ugh the g
jump on
crew in o
ber 1902.
ity and w
loaded wit
steel. Th
located goi
Company s
I have se
start to, w
on U. S 25
and Parke
junction o
Rail Roads
a post office
store to an
day we have
system secu
modern elec
from the We

necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then came Back River, or as it is now known, The West Fork of the Greenbrier. and it was much worse than the East Fork. Luck was with us, however, since R. B. Kerr and Harvey Cromer were there at a mill owned and operated by Mr Kerr. To cross this Fork the wagons were forced to drop from two to three feet from the edge of the ice to the river bed. What a wonder they didn't upset. We managed however to negotiate the ford and start up Cheat Mountain. After traveling all day we reached Cheat Bridge and spent the night in the home of Mr Cromer. (Right here I want to say that no one ever had a better friend than Mr. Cromer.)

Mother had walked and driven the cows for quite some distance and had frozen her feet. The next morning it was bitter cold as only it can be on Cheat Mountain. Mr Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men.

was aff
master a
Days
struction
be roug
mail whi
stood gu

When
now Wes
what is
survey t
Narrows
roads wer
ugh the g
jump on
crew in o
ber 1902.
ity and w
loaded wit
steel. Th
located goi
Company s

I have se
start to, w
on U. S 25
and Parke
junction o
Rail Roads
a post office
store to an
day we have
system sec
modern elec
from the We

to negotiate the ford and start up Cheat Mountain. After traveling all day we reached Cheat Bridge and spent the night in the home of Mr Cromer. (Right here I want to say that no one ever had a better friend than Mr. Cromer.)

Mother had walked and driven the cows for quite some distance and had frozen her feet. The next morning it was bitter cold as only it can be on Cheat Mountain. Mr Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousins, Renick Ward, and took us down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

In August 1899 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of traveling—covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M., the Coal and Iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been run for both roads were; anxious to open up the vast timber sections.

With the coming of the construction crews the roaring days began. Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight

steel. That located going in Company side

I have seen start to, where on U. S 250, and Parkers junction of Rail Roads.

a post office a store to an all day we have p system second modern elect from the Wes Methodist Ch ern theatre, a ond to none in crowding any bin hasn't don

Give credit men who in fought so hard of learning.

Mr Hedrick. Poscover. Th fine a group of in the State

a top ranking I really star difference in t Greenbank and ago and today and rambled given a conden

To show the transportation

to negotiate the ford and start up Cheat Mountain. After traveling all day we reached Cheat Bridge and spent the night in the home of Mr Cromer. (Right here I want to say that no one ever had a better friend than Mr. Cromer.)

Mother had walked and driven the cows for quite some distance and had frozen her feet. The next morning it was bitter cold as only it can be on Cheat Mountain. Mr Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousins, Renick Ward, and took us down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

In August 1899 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of traveling—covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M., the Coal and Iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been run for both roads were; anxious to open up the vast timber sections.

With the coming of the construction crews the roaring days began. Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight

steel. That located going in Company side

I have seen start to, where on U. S 250, and Parkerst junction of Rail Roads.

a post office a store to an ai day we have p system second modern elect from the Wes Methodist Ch ern theatre, a ond to none in crowding any bin hasn't do

Give credit men who in fought so hard of learning.

Mr Hedrick. Poscover. Th fine a group of in the State

a top ranking I really star difference in t Greenbank and ago and today and rambled given a conden

To show the transportation

Cheat Mountain. Mr Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousins, Renick Ward, and took us down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

In August 1899 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of traveling—covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M., the Coal and Iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been run for both roads were; anxious to open up the vast timber sections.

With the coming of the construction crews the roaring days began. Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight of lumber operations such as O'Connell's Camp and two rival construction camps could say it wasn't.

I remember O'Connell's last drive

day we ha
system s
modern
from the
Methodis
ern theat
ond to no
crowding
bin hasn'

Give cr
men wh
fought so
of learni
Mr Hedi
Poscover.
fine a gro
In the S

a top ran
I really
difference
Greenban
ago and
and ram

given a c
To sho
transport
in a 1940
23 and U.

Durbin, V

Cheat Mountain. Mr Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousins, Renick Ward, and took us down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

In August 1899 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of traveling—covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M., the Coal and Iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been run for both roads were; anxious to open up the vast timber sections.

With the coming of the construction crews the roaring days began. Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight of lumber operations such as O'Connell's Camp and two rival construction camps could say it wasn't.

I remember O'Connell's last drive

day we had a system of modern from the Methodist ern theat and to no crowding bin hasn't

Give children men who fought so of learning Mr Hedrick Poscover. fine a gro In the S a top ran

I really difference Greenban ago and and ram given a c

To show transport in a 1940 28 and U

Durbin, V

my father, C.
his fathers'
what is now
called Dog
ther's farm
our house-
two covered
s driven by
n and the
Mother
m's wagon
drove two
t as far as
e we spent
D. Yeager

Fork of the
so it was
p. Ice had
sh bank of
p channel
esary for
ager and
d through
could get
er, or as

Fork of
as much
Luck was
H. Kerr
here at a

of Togs to the Ronceverte Boom. Well
known men of Pocahontas county
were in the crew. Names such as
these are familiar to the older gener-
ation. Bland Nottingham, John W
Carpenter, Sherman Sutton. Wise
Gillispie, Harper Smith, Lewis Lynch
and J. A. (Jimmie) Kirkpatrick.
Mr Kirkpatrick was the cook and his
cookee was Roland Scott.

When the construction crew on
the Coal and Iron reached what is
now Bocker, my father carried the
mail to the camp. On days that he
could not go I carried the mail on
horseback. A box was located in
what is now the Lee Galford farm for
one of the camps, and from there
down to the river and back to Dur-
bin following the railroad grade. N.
B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polie, as he
was affectionately known, was post-
master and I was his assistant.

Days when O'Connell and the con-
struction camps pail off were liable to
be rough and I have changed the
mail while John Bell or Gratz Slavins
stood guard with a Winchester.

When the C & I reached what is
now West Durbin and the C & O-
what is now Durbin, both had their
survey through what is called the
Narrows just above Durbin. Both
roads were anxious to lay steel

S

my father, C.
his fathers'
what is now
called Dog
ther's farm
our house-
two covered
s driven by
n and the
Mother
m's wagon
drove two
t as far as
e we spent
D. Yeager

ork of the
so it was
Ice had
h bank of
p channel
esary for
eger and
d through
could get
er, or as

Fork of
as much
uck was
H. Kerr
here at a

of logs to the Ronceverte Boom. Well
known men of Pocahontas county
were in the crew. Names such as
these are familiar to the older gener-
ation. Bland Nottingham, John W
Carpenter, Sherman Sutton, Wise
Gillispie, Harper Smith, Lewis Lynch
and J. A. (Jimmie) Kirkpatrick.
Mr Kirkpatrick was the cook and his
cookee was Roland Scott.

When the construction crew on
the Coal and Iron reached what is
now Brocker, my father carried the
mail to the camp. On days that he
could not go I carried the mail on
horseback. A box was located in
what is now the Lee Galford farm for
one of the camps, and from there
down to the river and back to Dur-
bin following the railroad grade. N.
B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polie, as he
was affectionately known, was post-
master and I was his assistant.

Days when O'Connell and the con-
struction camps pall off were liable to
be rough and I have changed the
mail while John Bell or Gratz Slavins
stood guard with a Winchester.

When the C & I reached what is
now West Durbin and the C & O
what is now Durbin, both had their
survey through what is called the
Narrows just above Durbin. Both
roads were anxious to lay steel

Peter D. Yeager
the East Fork of the
bridged so it was
the stream. Ice had
from each bank of
a deep channel
was necessary for
Mr. Yeager and
a channel through
wagons could get
back River; or as
the West Fork of
it was much
Fork. Luck was
ice R. B. Kerr
were there at a
ed by Mr Kerr.
the wagons were
two to three
the ice to the
wonder they
aged however
and start up
er traveling all
Bridge and
home of Mr
want to say
better friend

ad driven the
lance and had
next morning
y it can be on
Cromer sent
e last top by
ndsday lived.
y prepared a
who were

down to the river and back to Dur-
bin following the railroad grade. N.
B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polie, as he
was affectionately known, was post
master and I was his assistant.

Days when O'Connell and the con-
struction camps pail off were liable to
be rough and I have changed the
mail while John Bell or Gratz Slavins
stood guard with a Winchester.

When the C & I reached what is
now West Durbin and the C & O
what is now Durbin, both had their
survey through what is called the
Narrows just above Durbin. Both
roads were anxious to lay steel thro-
ugh the gap and the C & O got the
jump on the C & I. They rushed a
crew in one Saturday night in Octo-
ber 1902. Sunday saw intense activ-
ity and when evening came a flat car
loaded with ties stood at the end of
steel. That is where the switch is
located going into Pocahontas Tanning
Company siding.

I have seen Durbin grow from this
start to, where it is today. Located
on U. S 250, the old, Staunton and
and Parkersburg Turnpike and the
junction of the W M and C & O.
Rail Roads. Grown from two houses
a post office and one small country
store to an almost model town. To-
day we have paved streets, a water
system second to none in the state,
modern electric lights and power
from the West Penn, a consolidated
Methodist Church, movies in a

Peter D. Yeager
the East Fork of the
bridged so it was
the stream. Ice had
from each bank of
a deep channel
was necessary for
Mr. Yeager and
a channel through
wagons could get
back River, or as
the West Fork of
it was much
Fork. Luck was
ice R. B. Kerr
were there at a
ed by Mr Kerr.
the wagons were
two to three
the ice to the
wonder they
aged however
and start up
r traveling all
Bridge and
home of Mr
want to say
better friend

ad driven the
lance and had
next morning
y it can be on
Cromer sent
e last top by
ndsday lived.
y prepared a
who were

down to the river and back to Dur-
bin following the railroad grade. N.
B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polie, as he
was affectionately known, was post
master and I was his assistant.

Days when O'Connell and the con-
struction camps pall off were liable to
be rough and I have changed the
mail while John Bell or Gratz Slavins
stood guard with a Winchester.

When the C & I reached what is
now West Durbin and the C & O
what is now Durbin, both had their
survey through what is called the
Narrows just above Durbin. Both
roads were anxious to lay steel thro-
ugh the gap and the C & O got the
jump on the C & I. They rushed a
crew in one Saturday night in Octo-
ber 1902. Sunday saw intense activ-
ity and when evening came a flat car
loaded with ties stood at the end of
steel. That is where the switch is
located going into Pocahontas Tanning
Company siding.

I have seen Durbin grow from this
start to, where it is today. Located
on U. S. 250, the old, Staunton and
and Parkersburg Turnpike and the
junction of the W M and C & O.
Rail Roads. Grown from two houses
a post office and one small country
store to an almost model town. To-
day we have paved streets, a water
system second to none in the state,
modern electric lights and power
from the West Penn, a consolidated
Methodist Church, movies in a

W. wonder they managed however and start up after traveling all eat Bridge and the home of Mr I want to say a better friend

and driven the distance and had next morning only it can be on Cromer sent the last top by Lindsay lived. say prepared a en who were went on to the g the trip in mother and ck Ward, and arm the next here we spent of the prison

returned to mode of trav

W. M., the then known, he preemin- un for both pen up the

he construc- days began rough and ated in sight as O'Con l construc- isn't.

last drive

and when evening came a flat car loaded with ties stood at the end of steel. That is where the switch is located going into Pocahontas Tanning Company siding.

I have seen Durbin grow from this start to, where it is today. Located on U. S 250, the old, Staunton and and Parkersburg Turnpike and the junction of the W M and C & O. Rail Roads. Grown from two houses a post office and one small country store to an almost model town. To day we have paved streets, a water system second to none in the state, modern electric lights and power from the West Penn, a consolidated Methodist Church, movies in a modern theatre, and a graded school second to none in the county and closely crowding any in the state. No, Durbin hasn't done so badly by herself.

Give credit for our school to those men who in the past years have fought so hard for a high standard of learning. Mr Flynn, Mr Batson, Mr Hedrick, Mr McMillion and Mr Poscover. These men, assisted by as fine a group of teachers as anywhere in the State have made our school a top ranking one.

I really started out to describe the difference in transportation between Greenbank and Mill Creek fifty years ago and today but got sidetracked and rambled around until I have given a condensed history of Durbin.

To show the difference in modes of transportation I would suggest a trip in a 1940 model car over State Route 28 and U. S. 250.

Durbin, W. Va.

Mrs. P. F. Eades.

Pocahontas

Turn

1/15/4

I wonder they managed however and start up after traveling all eat Bridge and the home of Mr I want to say a better friend

and driven the distance and had next morning only it can be on Cromer sent the last top by Lindsay lived. say prepared a in who were went on to the the trip in mother and ck Ward, and arm the next here we spent of the prison

returned to mode of trav

W. M., the then known, he preemin- un for both pen up the

he construc- days began rough and ted in sight as O'Con l construc- isn't.

last drive

ity and when evening came a flat car loaded with ties stood at the end of steel. That is where the switch is located going into Pocahontas Tanning Company siding.

I have seen Durbin grow from this start to, where it is today. Located on U. S. 250, the old, Staunton and and Parkersburg Turnpike and the junction of the W M and C & O. Rail Roads. Grown from two houses a post office and one small country store to an almost model town. To day we have paved streets, a water system second to none in the state, modern electric lights and power from the West Penn, a consolidated Methodist Church, movies in a modern theatre, and a graded school second to none in the county and closely crowding any in the state. No, Durbin hasn't done so badly by herself.

Give credit for our school to those men who in the past years have fought so hard for a high standard of learning. Mr Flynn, Mr Batson, Mr Hedrick, Mr McMillion and Mr Poscover. These men, assisted by as fine a group of teachers as anywhere in the State have made our school a top ranking one.

I really started out to describe the difference in transportation between Greenbank and Mill Creek fifty years ago and today but got sidetracked and rambled around until I have given a condensed history of Durbin.

To show the difference in modes of transportation I would suggest a trip in a 1940 model car over State Route 29 and U. S. 250.

Durbin, W. Va.

Mrs. P. F. Eades.

Pocahontas

Turn

1/15/4

Parabontas

Chap 4

Dear Mr Price:

Several times in recent years I have read your comments on coyote in Webster and nearby. Do you know why they are there?

Thirtyfive of my forty years have been spent in Webster - have been raised there, grade and school. Later bank cashier a few years in same county. All my life during hunting

season I have roamed the hills of Webster and adjoining counties.

About the years of 1927 and 1928 The Cherry River Boom and Lumber Company had some Spaniards or half Mexicans near Tea Creek on Gauley. One of their sports was dog fighting. They also brought into Gauley coyotes to fight their dogs. It was great sport to them. I have seen them shipped by express to Camden on Gauley from Western states. Camden on Gauley was the shipping point for the Gauley River lumber woods. Some of the coyotes were turned loose at Tea Creek and others escaped in the same locality.

This may not be anything new to you, but if you did not know it, then I will be glad to have informed you.

Claude A. Case.

Lost Creek, W. Va.

Hunters from Bath and Alleghany Counties, Virginia, are preparing to rather at Muddy Run, near Warm Springs, on Thursday, February 1, to hunt down the wolf or coyote which has killed over one hundred head of sheep for the farmers along Jacksons River the past year. It is believed the varment is denning in the Rocky Spring Hollow.

Dennis Griffin of Cloverlick caught the monster wild cat or bay lynx of the woods one day last week. It was forty five inches long from tip to tip, and would weigh nearly forty pounds. The tracks give the average length of a bay lynx at thirty six inches and its weight at twenty pounds. This big cat was caught in a steel trap, set near the boundary of the Shenandoah State Forest.

Years ago some prominent people in the world outside look to task my brother, the late Andrew Price; how come he persisted to live in this sparsely settled county, to hide under a bushel his bright light as an able lawyer and writer. In time he gave reply, expressing his sentiments in a really outstanding poem. I print it again, to show why we all like to live like Riley on Nameless Creek, where we are so happy and so poor:

The life I live, the life I prize
Seems tame to world-worn weary eyes;
Those frantic souls spurred on by
lust,
For power and place till all is dust;
They never know the sweet release
Among the purple hills of peace.

I know not what the years may hold,
My dreams may fade if I grow old,
But this I know, each golden year,
Makes home, and friends, and life
more dear.

Each year the heavens brighter
gleam,

Each year enhances field and stream.
Come with me to the mountain height
Bathed in a flood of morning light.

On every side the mountains stand,
Awful, indomitable, grand.

Yet through an all-wise Thesmothete
The wild flowers bloom about our feet
I know I gaze with raptured eye,
On scenes that once I idled by;
I envy not the potentate,
The rich, the mighty, high and great.
My books, my friends, my mountains
free,

Have been and are enough for me.

Poems

Chap 4

Dear Mr Price:

Several times in recent years I have read your comments on coyote in Webster and nearby. Do you know why they are there?

Thirtyfive of my forty years have been spent in Webster - have been raised there, grade and school. Later bank cashier a few years in same county. All my life during hunting

season I have roamed the hills of Webster and adjoining counties.

About the years of 1927 and 1928 The Cherry River Boom and Lumber Company had some Spaniards or half Mexicans near Tea Creek on Gauley. One of their sports was dog fighting. They also brought into Gauley coyotes to fight their dogs. It was great sport to them. I have seen them shipped by express to Camden on Gauley from Western states. Camden on Gauley was the shipping point for the Gauley River lumber woods. Some of the coyotes were turned loose at Tea Creek and others escaped in the same locality.

This may not be anything new to you, but if you did not know it, then I will be glad to have informed you.

Claude A. Case.

Lost Creek, W. Va.

Hunters from Bath and Alleghany Counties, Virginia, are preparing to rather at Muddy Run, near Warm Springs, on Thursday, February 1, to hunt down the wolf or coyote which has killed over one hundred head of sheep for the farmers along Jacksons River the past year. It is believed the varment is denning in the Rocky Spring Hollow.

Dennis Griffin of Clovelick caught the monster wild cat or bay lynx of the woods one day last week. It was forty five inches long from tip to tip, and would weigh nearly forty pounds. The tracks give the average length of a bay lynx at thirty six inches and its weight at twenty pounds. This big cat was caught in a steel trap, set near the boundary of the Northern State forest.

Years ago some prominent people in the world outside took to task my brother, the late Andrew Price; how come he persisted to live in this sparsely settled county, to hide under a bushel his bright light as an able lawyer and writer. In time he gave reply, expressing his sentiments in a really outstanding poem. I print it again, to show why we all like to live like Risley on Nameless Creek, where we ere so happy and so poor:

The life I live, the life I prize
Seems tame to world-worn weary eyes;
Those frantic souls spurred on by
lost,

For power and place till all is dust;
They never know the sweet release
Among the purple hills of peace.

I know not what the years may hold,
My dreams may fade if I grow old,
But this I know, each golden year,
Makes home, and friends, and life
more dear.

Each year the heavens brighter
gleam,

Each year enhances field and stream.
Come with me to the mountain height
Bathed in a flood of morning light.

On every side the mountains stand,
Awful, indomitable, grand.

Yet through an all-wise Thesmothete
The wild flowers bloom about our feet
I know I gaze with raptured eye,
On scenes that once I idled by;
I envy not the potentate,
The rich, the mighty, high and great.
My books, my friends, my mountains
free,

Have been and are enough for me.

The Sinsel family is connected with the Dayton family. The wife of Judge A. G. Dayton was a Miss Sinsel; their son is the Honorable Arthur Dayton of Charleston, leading lawyer, outstanding Shakespearean scholar of his generation, and a recognized art critic in the field of picture painting. What I am leading up to say is the late Judge Dayton was the son of the late Spencer Dayton. He came from Connecticut along about some time in the early fifties or late forties to practice law. This he did extensively in a whole block of counties which are now in central West Virginia. Incidentally when his grandson, Arthur, moved from Philippi to Charleston some years since, the name of Dayton was removed from the list of attorneys at the bar of Harbours county, where it held honorable position for eighty years—grandfather, son and grandson.

Spencer Dayton is a tradition in Pocahontas county, and I have let the old people die off without finding out about his practice and service here in reconstruction times. Of course his family has written some thing about him and his ancestors tracing the line over to Old England and even running it down to Runny Meade, whatever and wherever that was. I reckon I ought not admit I am so provincial and narrow as to have small interest beyond my own Valley and State. But then doggone a man can easily take in too much territory and spread himself too thin. A man's responsibility must need have boundary somewhere.

In the years immediately following the war between the states, the reconstruction judge was a carpetbagger from Vermont or New Hampshire by the name of Nat Harrison. He had come into prominence some what as attorney for defense in the first trial for piracy on the high seas. This was in a Federal Court in New York. The brilliant young lawyer was destined to clear his clients of the charge.

About fifteen years after the celebrated trial, Attorney Nat Harrison came to it Lewisburg as the Circuit Judge in the Quaker Valley counties. To say the least, he was an ordinary character. One item in my memory was people held against Judge Harrison was his hating the

It was Spencer Dayton who came into the breach. He came here from Summersville, over the Nicholas Trail through the Black Forest. It is said he disliked to wear shoes, and that he walked the distance barefooted, carrying his shoes and only putting them on when he came in sight of the court house. Anyway, the service of a strong lawyer was then available to an opposed people. I don't know of any of the trumped up murder cases coming to trial; certainly there were no convictions; eventually through the years the indictments were thrown out of court.

As for the indictment against Captain Stapher in some way appeal was taken to the Federal Court at Clarksburg, where the case was baffled along until the state restored the right of franchise to the Confederate soldier, and then dropped.

This, sketchily, is the tradition of Spencer Dayton, the lawyer from the North, in Pocahontas county at a time when a lot of good people sorely needed the help he so ably and so cheerfully rendered them.

grandjury return indictments for murder against many of our prominent people. They had been Confederate soldiers, and were haled before a civil court to answer for acts of war.

It kind of leaked out that the indictment would be quashed by the judge for cash consideration. I never heard tell of any of the true bills being taken care of in this easy, quiet, crooked way. My recollection is the court records will show the indictment against Captain Jacob W. Marshall, of the 18th Virginia Cavalry, was not thrown out of court until sometime in the eighties when Judge Homer Holt was on the bench.

Anyway the people quietly organized a lynching bee to deal summarily with the Judge Harrison on his return to Lewisburg from the Hunterville court. In some way the word leaked to the judge and he went home by way of Anthony Creek instead of the usual route, the Lewisburg and Marlinton Bottom Turnpike. I have heard the story was to be tied to the Marlinton bridge when they dropped the judge in the river.

Then the judge got in a mess at the Lewisburg court; got knocked through a window by the clerk of the court; went west and died within my own recollection in a poor house in Colorado.

All this is just leading up to say that the late Spencer Dayton appeared on the scene at a time when a lot of good people were in need of an advocate. The local attorneys were debarred by reason of the test oath. They could not swear they had not aided and abetted the late Southern Confederacy.

Incidentally one of them, Captain D. A. Stapher did stand and so swear. Having raised a whole company, called the Pocahontas Rescues, and marched them off in the Tin Cup Campaign to Philippi as their captain; having collected some five minute balls in his body during the following four years of war, the doughty captain was promptly indicted for false swearing. Then he too apparently stood in need of an advocate as much as anybody else.

— P. A. Stapher

7/5/40

The Sinsel family is connected with the Dayton family. The wife of Judge A. G. Dayton was a Miss Sinsel; their son is the Honorable Arthur Dayton of Charleston, leading lawyer, outstanding Shakespearean scholar of his generation, and a recognized art critic in the field of picture painting. What I am leading up to say is the late Judge Dayton was the son of the late Spencer Dayton. He came from Connecticut along about some time in the early fifties or late fifties to practice law. This he did extensively in a whole block of counties which are now in central West Virginia. Incidentally when his grandson, Arthur, moved from Philippi to Charleston some years since, the name of Dayton was removed from the list of attorneys at the bar of Harbours county, where it held honorable position for eighty years—grandfather, son and grandson.

Spencer Dayton is a tradition in Pocahontas county, and I have let the old people die off without finding out about his practice and service here in reconstruction times. Of course his family has written some thing about him and his ancestors tracing the line over to Old England and even running it down to Runny Meade, whatever and wherever that was. I reckon I ought not admit I am so provincial and narrow as to have small interest beyond my own Valley and State. But then doggone a man can easily take in too much territory and spread himself too thin. A man's responsibility must need have boundary somewhere.

In the years immediately following the war between the states, the reconstruction judge was a carpetbagger from Vermont or New Hampshire by the name of Nat Harrison. He had come into prominence some what as attorney for defense in the last trial for piracy on the high seas. This was in a Federal Court in New York. The brilliant young lawyer was chosen to clear his clients of the charge.

About fifteen years after the celebrated trial, Attorney Nat Harrison came to it Lewisburg as the Circuit Judge in the Greenbrier Valley counties. To say the least, he was an entirely different man. One item in my memory of people held against Judge Harrison was his having the

It was Spencer Dayton who came into the breach. He came here from Summersville, over the Nicholas Trail through the Black Forest. It is said he disliked to wear shoes, and that he walked the distance barefooted, carrying his shoes and only putting them on when he came in sight of the court house. Anyway, the service of a strong lawyer was then available to an opposed people. I don't know of any of the trumped up murder cases coming to trial; certainly there were no convictions; eventually through the years the indictments were thrown out of court.

As for the indictment against Captain Stephen in some way appeal was taken to the Federal Court at Clarksburg, where the case was baffled along until the state restored the right of franchise to the Confederate soldier, and then dropped.

This, sketchily, is the tradition of Spencer Dayton, the lawyer from the North, in Pocahontas county at a time when a lot of good people sorely needed the help he so ably and so cheerfully rendered them.

Grandjury return indictments for murder against many of our prominent people. They had been Confederate soldiers, and were haled before a civil court to answer for acts of war.

It kind of leaked out that the indictment would be quashed by the judge for cash consideration. I never heard tell of any of the true bills being taken care of in this easy, quiet, crooked way. My recollection is the court records will show the indictment against Captain Jacob W. Marshall, of the 19th Virginia Cavalry, was not thrown out of court until sometime in the eighties when Judge Homer Holt was on the bench.

Anyway the people quietly organized a lynching bee to deal summarily with the Judge Harrison on his return to Lewisburg from the Hunterville court. In some way the word leaked to the judge and he went home by way of Anthony Creek instead of the usual route, the Lewisburg and Marlinton Bottom Turnpike. I have heard the rape was to be fled to the Marlinton bridge when they dropped the judge in the river.

Then the judge got in a mess at the Lewisburg court; got knocked through a window by the clerk of the court; went west and died within my own recollection in a poor house in Colorado.

All this is just leading up to say that the late Spencer Dayton appeared on the scene at a time when a lot of good people were in need of an advocate. The local attorneys were debarred by reason of the test oath. They could not swear they had not aided and abetted the late Southern Confederacy.

Incidentally one of them, Captain D. A. Stopher did stand and so swear. Having raised a whole company, called the Pocahontas Reserves, and marched them off in the Tin Cup Campaign to Philippi as their captain; having collected some five minnie bells in his body during the following four years of war, the doughty captain was promptly indicted for false swearing. Then he too apparently stood in need of an advocate as much as anybody else.

Pocahontas 4

*— Pocahontas Times
7/5/40*

Pacabontas

Chap. 4

DR. JOHN M. YEAGER

Dr John M. Yeager aged 63 years died Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1940. For a year he had been in failing health, though up to within a few weeks of his death he had been active in his practice. The cause of his death was paralysis, but in reality this beloved physician had worn himself out in service of sick and ailing humanity.

On Tuesday afternoon his body was buried in the family plot in Mt View Cemetery. The funeral was conducted from the home in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing friends by his pastor, Dr H. Malcom Sturm, of the Methodist Church. The pall bearers were C B. Moore, Frank King G S Callison, Kerth Nottingham, Richard Currence and Senator Fred G. Allen.

John Moody Yeager was born at Bartow, April 7 1877. He was the second son of the late Brown M. and Harriet Arbogast Yeager. Of his fathers family there remains his four brothers, Walker, Sterling, Bruce and Paul; his sisters, Mrs Brownie Gatewood and Mrs Texie Garroll.

In 1902 Dr. Yeager was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Smith, daughter of Captain A E Smith. To this union were born four children: Guy M of Amingo; L A of Franklin; Mrs Elmer Smith and Mrs W E Adlung, of Washington D. C.

Dr Yeager was graduated in medicine at Louisville, Ky. in 1901 and for 39 years has practiced his profession in Marlinton. He had a large practice, which reached to every walk of life. To rich and poor alike, his sympathizing heart went out in his passion to heal sick and broken bodies. No one will ever know the good this beloved physician did for it should be said he wore his life away and shortened his days in service to sick and suffering humanity. Blessed with a remarkable personality his circle of friends was wide for to know him was to love him.

"Know ye not that this day a great and good man has fallen"

Pocahontas

Chap. 4

DR. JOHN M. YEAGER

Dr John M. Yeager aged 63 years died Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1940. For a year he had been in failing health, though up to within a few weeks of his death he had been active in his practice. The cause of his death was paralysis, but in reality this beloved physician had worn himself out in service of sick and ailing humanity.

On Tuesday afternoon his body was buried in the family plot in Mt View Cemetery. The funeral was conducted from the home in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing friends by his pastor, Dr H. Malcom Sturm, of the Methodist Church. The pall bearers were C B. Moore, Frank King G S Callison, Kerth Nottingham, Richard Currence and Senator Fred C. Allen.

John Moody Yeager was born at Barlow, April 7 1877. He was the second son of the late Brown M. and Harriet Arbogast Yeager. Of his fathers family there remains his four brothers, Walker, Sterling, Bruce and Paul; his sisters, Mrs Brownie Gatewood and Mrs Texie Garroll.

In 1902 Dr. Yeager was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Smith, daughter of Captain A E Smith. To this union were born four children: Guy M of Amingo; L A of Franklin; Mrs Elmer Smith and Mrs W E Adlung, of Washington D. C.

Dr Yeager was graduated in medicine at Louisville, Ky. in 1901 and for 39 years has practiced his profession in Marlinton. He had a large practice, which reached to every walk of life. To rich and poor alike, his sympathizing heart went out in his passion to heal sick and broken bodies. No one will ever know the good this beloved physician did for it should be said he wore his life away and shortened his days in service to sick and suffering humanity. Blessed with a remarkable personality his circle of friends was wide for to know him was to love him.

"Know ye not that this day a great and good man has fallen"

The Sinsel family is connected with the Dayton family. The wife of Judge A. G. Dayton was a Miss Sinsel; their son is the Honorable Arthur Dayton of Charleston, leading lawyer, outstanding Shakespearian scholar of his generation, and a recognized art critic in the field of picture painting. What I am leading up to say is the late Judge Dayton was the son of the late Spencer Dayton. He came from Connecticut along about some time in the early fifties or late forties to practice law. This he did extensively in a whole block of counties which are now in central West Virginia. Incidentally when his grandson, Arthur, moved from Philippi to Charleston some years since, the name of Dayton was removed from the list of attorneys at the bar of Harbours county, where it held honorable position for eighty years—grandfather, son and grandson.

Spencer Dayton is a tradition in Pocahontas county, and I have let the old people die off without finding out about his practice and service here in reconstruction times. Of course his family has written some thing about him and his ancestors tracing the line over to Old England and even running it down to Runny Meade, whatever and wherever that was. I reckon I ought not admit I am so provincial and narrow as to have small interest beyond my own Valley and State. But then doggone a man can easily take in too much territory and spread himself too thin. A man's responsibility must need have boundary somewhere.

In the years immediately following the war between the states, the reconstruction judge was a carpetbagger from Vermont or New Hampshire by the name of Nat Harrison. He had come into prominence some what as attorney for defense in the last trial for piracy on the high seas. This was in a Federal Court in New York. The brilliant young lawyer won decision to clear his clients of the charge.

About fifteen years after the celebrated trial, Attorney Nat Harrison took up at Lewisburg as the Circuit Judge for the Greenbrier Valley circuit. To say the least, he was an entirely character. One item in many counts our people hold against Judge Harrison was his having the

It was Spencer Dayton who came into the breach. He came here from Summersville, over the Nicholas Trail through the Black Forest. It is said he disliked to wear shoes, and that he walked the distance barefooted, carrying his shoes and only putting them on when he came in sight of the court house. Anyway, the service of a strong lawyer was then available to an opposed people. I don't know of any of the trumped up murder cases coming to trial; certainly there were no convictions; eventually through the years the indictments were thrown out of court.

As for the indictment against Captain Slapher in some way appeal was taken to the Federal Court at Clarksburg, where the case was battled along until the state restored the right of franchise to the Confederate soldier, and then dropped.

This, sketchily, is the tradition of Spencer Dayton, the lawyer from the North, in Pocahontas county at a time when a lot of good people sure needed the help he so ably and so cheerfully rendered them.

grandjury return indictments for murder against many of our prominent people. They had been Confederate soldiers, and were halled before a civil court to answer for acts of war.

It kind of leaked out that the indictment would be quashed by the judge for cash consideration. I never heard tell of any of the true bills being taken care of in this easy, quiet, crooked way. My recollection is the court records will show the indictment against Captain Jacob W Marshall, of the 19th Virginia Cavalry, was not thrown out of court until sometime in the eighties when Judge Homer Holt was on the bench.

Anyway the people quietly organized a lynching bee to deal summarily with the Judge Harrison on his return to Lewisburg from the Hunterville court. In some way the word leaked to the judge and he went home by way of Anthony Creek instead of the usual route, the Lewisburg and Marlins Bottom Turnpike. I have heard the story was to be fled to the Marlinton bridge when they dropped the judge in the river.

Then the judge got in a mess at the Lewisburg court; got knocked through a window by the clerk of the court; went west and died within my own recollection in a poor house in Colorado.

All this is just leading up to say that the late Spencer Dayton appeared on the scene at a time when a lot of good people were in need of an advocate. The local attorneys were debarred by reason of the test oath. They could not swear they had not aided and abetted the late Southern Confederacy.

Incidentally one of them, Captain D. A. Stopher did stand and so swear. Having raised a whole company, called the Pocahontas Rescuers, and marched them off in the Tin Cup Campaign to Philippi as their captain; having collected some five minute balls in his body during the following four years of war, the doughty captain was promptly indicted for false swearing. Then he too apparently stood in need of an advocate as much as anybody else.

- Pocahontas Times
1/5/46

The Sinsel family is connected with the Dayton family. The wife of Judge A. G. Dayton was a Miss Sinsel; their son is the Honorable Arthur Dayton of Charleston, leading lawyer, outstanding Shakespearean scholar of his generation, and a recognized art critic in the field of picture painting. What I am leading up to say is the late Judge Dayton was the son of the late Spencer Dayton. He came from Connecticut along about some time in the early fifties or late forties to practice law. This he did extensively in a whole block of counties which are now in central West Virginia. Incidentally when his grandson, Arthur, moved from Phillippi to Charleston some years since, the name of Dayton was removed from the list of attorneys at the bar of Barbour county, where it held honorable position for eighty years—grandfather, son and grandson.

Spencer Dayton is a tradition in Pocahontas county, and I have let the old people die off without finding out about his practice and service here in reconstruction times. Of course his family has written some thing about him and his ancestors tracing the line over to Old England and even running it down to Runny Meade, whatever and wherever that was. I reckon I ought not admit I am so provincial and narrow as to have small interest beyond my own Valley and State. But then doggone a man can easily take in too much territory and spread himself too thin. A man's responsibility must need have boundary somewhere.

In the years immediately following the war between the states, the reconstruction judge was a carpetbagger from Vermont or New Hampshire by the name of Nat Harrison. He had come into prominence some what as attorney for defense in the last trial for piracy on the high seas. This was in a Federal Court in New York. The brilliant young lawyer won decision to clear his clients of the charge.

About fifteen years after the celebrated trial, Attorney Nat Harrison turns up at Lewisburg as the Circuit Judge for the Greenbrier Valley counties. To say the least, he was an amiable character. One item in many county war people hold against Judge Harrison was his having the

It was Spencer Dayton who came into the breach. He came here from Summeraville, over the Nicholas Trail through the Black Forest. It is said he disliked to wear shoes, and that he walked the distances barefooted, carrying his shoes and only putting them on when he came in sight of the court house. Anyway, the service of a strong lawyer was then available to an opposed people. I don't know of any of the trumped up murder cases coming to trial; certainly there were no convictions; eventually through the years the indictments were thrown out of court.

As for the indictment against Captain Stapher in some way appeal was taken to the Federal Court at Clarksburg, where the case was baffled along until the state restored the right of franchise to the Confederate soldier, and then dropped.

This, sketchily, is the tradition of Spencer Dayton, the lawyer from the North. In Pocahontas county at a time when a lot of good people sorely needed the help he so ably and so cheerfully rendered them.

grandjury return indictments for murder against many of our prominent people. They had been Confederate soldiers, and were haled before a civil court to answer for acts of war.

It kind of leaked out that the indictment would be quashed by the judge for cash consideration. I never heard tell of any of the true bills being taken care of in this easy, quiet, crooked way. My recollection is the court records will show the indictment against Captain Jacob W. Marshall, of the 19th Virginia Cavalry, was not thrown out of court until sometime in the eighties when Judge Elmer Holt was on the bench.

Anyway the people quietly organized a lynching bee to deal summarily with the Judge Harrison on his return to Lewisburg from the Hunterville court. In some way the word leaked to the judge and he went home by way of Anthony Creek instead of the usual route, the Lewisburg and Martins Bottom Turnpike. I have heard the story was to be tied to the Marlinton bridge when they dropped the judge in the river.

Then the judge got in a mess at the Lewisburg court; got knocked through a window by the clerk of the court; went west and died within my own recollection in a poor house in Colorado.

All this is just leading up to say that the late Spencer Dayton appeared on the scene at a time when a lot of good people were in need of an advocate. The local attorneys were debarred by reason of the test oath. They could not swear they had not aided and abetted the late Southern Confederacy.

Incidentally one of them, Captain D. A. Stopher did stand and so swear. Having raised a whole company, called the Pocahontas Rescue, and marched them off in the Tin Cup Campaign to Phillippi as their captain; having collected some five million balls in his body during the following four years of war, the doughty captain was promptly indicted for false swearing. Then he too apparently stood in need of an advocate as much as anybody else.

—Pocahontas Times

1/5/46

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 3, 1938.

You have heard how it has been said in old time: a bright young man got himself on credit a hand me down printing press and a shirt full of type, a bundle of paper and a dash of ink to launch a periodical on the sea of an unsuspecting public; to make an editor or become a slave in the attempt; any one or both.

Out of the reek and wrack of such hit and miss procedures there did come out of such trials by fire a brand of old hickory, self made and self sustaining newspaper men. Of many it could be said of such hardy souls they could take the biggest drinks of liquor and write the dullest editorials. However, in rare instances the flux was just right, the dross to consume, the gold to refine, for from the flames would arise, phoenix like, an editor all to the good.

Would that I could go on with descriptive tribute to such an editor whose price is far above rubles, but the above labored writing is merely preface to saying future editors of America are now being milled out in the Department of Journalism of the University of West Virginia. "The education and training of newspaper men and women should be on a level with the preparation of other leading professions." And here, too, would that I could jay off on to a piece of writing about how our University is now fulfilling its sphere by weaving strands into the warp and woof of citizenship which strengthen the fabric of our social order. This too will have to be deferred for I have some good writing to present.

Some weeks ago I wrote a piece on the present low state of the Fourth Estate, Mr. P. I. Reed, head of the University Department of Journalism read the scathing observations and was provoked to remark, in part as follows:

"The worst aspect of the whole

On W.
was long
One bid to
the St. op
for ex-hi on
will be sold
the at

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 3, 1938

You have heard how it has been said in old time: a bright young man got himself on credit a hand me down printing press and a shirt full of type, a bundle of paper and a dab of ink to launch a periodical on the sea of an unsuspecting public: to make an editor or become a slave in the attempt, any one or both.

Out of the reek and wrack of such hit and miss procedures there did come out, of such trials by fire a brand of old hickory, self made and self sustaining newspaper men. Of many it could be said of such hardy souls they could take the biggest drinks of liquor and write the dullest editorials. However, in rare instances the flux was just right, the dross to consume, the gold to refine, for from the flames would arise, phoenix like, an editor all to the good.

Would that I could go on with descriptive tribute to such an editor, whose price is far above rubles, but the above labored writing is merely preface to saying future editors of America are now being milled out in the Department of Journalism of the University of West Virginia. "The education and training of newspaper men and women should be on a level with the preparation of other leading professions." And here, too, would that I could jay off on to a piece of writing about how our University is now fulfilling its sphere by weaving strands into the warp and woof of citizenship which strengthen the fabric of our social order. This too will have to be deferred for I have some good willing to present.

Some weeks ago I wrote a piece on the present low estate of the Fourth Estate, Mr. P. I. Read, head of the University Department of Journalism read the rambling observations and was provoked to remark, in part as follows:

"The worst aspect of the whole

On the
was to
the bid
the St
for ed
will be
the n

since the changes you make are essentially true, but the best aspect is that men within the profession are taking a rational searching inventory of their journalistic stock and are not waiting for some force from the outside to force and 'houseclean' upon them. When the editors and publishers themselves have the intelligence and courage to look things fairly in the face and then set out to try to do something about it, we may rest assured that whatever weaknesses we may discover in our profession are likely to be remedied.

"In the journalistic scheme of things the reader is the important factor. He is king. We are all his servants. And so long as we make it clear in what we publish that we are first of all thinking of the general welfare, we are not going to get into any difficulty and are going to have plenty of staunch friends among our readers. But when we forget the reader and the general good, he has a way of curing that malady rather promptly. And all of us in the profession know exactly what his method is."

"Freedom of expression and freedom of the press are gems of priceless worth. They belong to the people, not alone to the publisher. With the news reels and the radio hesitating at times to say aloud what some are thinking, it becomes the duty of every newspaperman to see that not the slightest encroachment on the freedom is allowed. And if we play squarely and decently with our reading public, I don't think there is any power on land or sea that is going to shackle in even the smallest way the great liberty that we as newspapermen in this country have enjoyed and value almost above life. One of the best ways for us to keep that power and to withstand every onslaught of our enemies is for us to take an honest look at ourselves and speak, even to ourselves, the truth that may hurt a bit."

I get a letter the other day from a writer's project bringing the request to give some facts and figures about the Greenbank community, and some fancies in the way of a tall hunting story about Huntersville.

To consider the last item of the request first, I will here again reprint the panther killing experience of Equile James Sharp, more than a century ago. The Equile was a son of William Sharp, the pioneer, who settled at Huntersville in 1773, at the age of about 30 years. His declaration for a pension in 1832, recites that he saw service in the campaign to the Indian towns in 1764, to bring back

land of land
virtue of
that Sanitary
Picture no 2
for New Hospital
Hartman, a State Hospital
treatment of Negroes suffering
tuberculosis. The gentlemen with

ing call. Properly reinforced, Mr. Sharp went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there beheld what no hunter had seen before or since: Nine dead panthers; every shot had told with fatal effect. It appears there were seasons when these animals went in packs and this appears to have been one of those times.

Greenbank, lovely village, of upper Pocahontas, is situated in the green plain like valley of the Derr Creek and its North Fork. The first settlers came there prior to the American Revolution from the Valleys of the Shenandoah, the Jackson, the Cowpasture and the South Branch, of the Potomac Rivers. These settlers were mostly Scotch Irish, with some English and German names.

I have heard the name came from the grassy slope of the plateau on which the old Liberty Church and the modern high school are situated. This sunny bank greens early in spring and so the name. However, I put some dependance in the tradition the place was named for the sake of the village of Greenbank in old England. Anyway one of the early settlers was William Nottingham, a native of England, a part of whose farm is now a part of the Uriah Hever estate. He came here just after the Revolution, and maybe he bethought himself of the village of Greenbank back home when he saw his new home surroundings.

Sometime prior to the Revolution John Warwick settled at the forks of Deer Creek on lands still occupied by his descendants. Here he built the community fort as early as 1770 and maybe a year or two before the great rush into this valley beginning about that year. The erection of this fort in such good hunting and fishing country was exasperating to the Indians, and they were very troublesome to the settlers living within reach of the fort. On one occasion, an Indian was seen to climb a tree to reconnoitre the fort; he was located and shot by Major Jacob Warwick. Once when this fort was invested by Indians, one of the attacking party shot an arrow into the enclosure from the top of the pole mill wheel.

days is the large gallery for the entire congregation. Meeting house and session room have ever been kept in good repair and in recent years a Sunday School room has been added. Strong pastors have served this people. In the early days there were such men as Dr. Kennedy, from New Jersey; Dr. John C. Barr, later for so many years pastor of the First Church in Charleston; J. A. H. Hamilton, later of Staunton; William T. Price. The

Greenbank is a village but it has a high school which in size and importance would be a credit to nearly of live thousand people. For that matter by means of transportation of pupils it serves a wide spread population of the big Greenbank District.

Away back in 1842, General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia established the Greenbank Academy, a preparatory branch of the University of Virginia. For nearly twenty years this academy played an important part in the culture and educational development of a virile people until broken up by the war between the states.

No part of West Virginia was more thoroughly ravaged by war than Pocahontas, county, and no part of the county suffered in greater degree than Greenbank. The contending forces were marching, camping, fighting and raiding through from the very beginning to almost the end, with home talent bushwhacking activities on the side most any time.

Greenbank was strongly southern in sympathy. The Greenbank Company, or "Mountain Rifles," when mustered in consisted of 110 men. Of these, 100 were six feet or more in height. This company was assigned to the 31st Virginia Infantry a fighting company of a fighting regiment. There were 96 casualties. They followed Jackson from McDowell on. After Jackson's death at the Wilderness, they saw Antietam, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, around Richmond, Petersburg, and the rest. The company suffered terribly in the Bloody Angle at Spotsylvania County house. Appomattox River.

the top of the pole mill wheel. Appomattox River. In the

shows the charges and costs are probably true, but the best aspect is that even within the profession, are taking a rather scolding line, and of their journalistic stock and are not waiting for some force from the outside to force and 'houseclean' upon them. When the editors and publishers themselves have the intelligence and courage to look things fairly in the face and then set out to try to do something about it, we may rest assured that whatever weaknesses we may discover in our profession are likely to be remedied.

"In the journalistic scheme, of things the reader is the important factor. He is king. We are all his servants. And so long as we make it clear in what we publish that we are first of all thinking of the general welfare, we are not going to get into any difficulty and are going to have plenty of staunch friends among our readers. But when we forget the reader and the general good, he has a way of curing that malady rather promptly. And, all of us in the profession know exactly what his method is.

"Freedom of expression and freedom of the press are gems of priceless worth. They belong to the people, not alone to the publisher. With the news reels and the radio hesitating at times to say aloud what some are thinking, it becomes the duty of every newspaperman to see that not the slightest encroachment on the freedom is allowed. And if we play squarely and decently with our reading public, I don't think there is any power on land or sea that is going to shackle in even the smallest way the great liberty that we as newspapermen in this country have enjoyed and value almost above life. One of the best ways for us to keep that power and to withstand every onslaught of our enemies is for us to take an honest look at ourselves and speak, even to ourselves, the truth that may hurt a bit.

I get a letter the other day from a writer's project bringing the request to give some facts and figures about the Greenbank community, and some fancies in the way of a tall hunting story about Huntersville.

To consider the last item of the request first, I will here again reprint the panther killing experience of Squire James Sharp, more than a century since. The Squire was a son of William Sharp, the pioneer, who settled at Huntersville in 1773, at the age of about 30 years. His declaration for a pension in 1832, recites that he saw service in the campaign to the Indian towns in 1764, to bring back

kind of human situation of war Sanitarium. Picture No. 2. for New Hospital. Harbun, a State Insane treatment of Negroes suffering tuberculosis. The gentlemen with

ing calf. Properly reloaded, Mr Sharp went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there beheld what no hunter had seen before or since: Nine dead panthers; every shot had told with fatal effect. It appears there were seasons when these animals went in packs and this appears to have been one of those times.

Greenbank, lovely village of upper Pocahontas, is situated in the green plain like valley of the Deer Creek and its North Fork. The first settlers came there prior to the American Revolution from the Valleys of the Shenandoah, the Jackson, the Cowpasture and the South Branch of the Potomac Rivers. These settlers were mostly Scotch Irish, with some English and German names.

I have heard the name came from the grassy slope of the plateau on which the old Liberty Church and the modern high school are situated. This sunny bank greens early in spring and so the name. However, I put some dependance in the tradition the place was named for the sake of the village of Greenbank in old England. Anyway one of the early settlers was William Nottingham, a native of England, a part of whose farm is now a part of the Uriah Hever estate. He came here just after the Revolution, and maybe he bethought himself of the village of Greenbank back home when he saw his new home surroundings.

Sometime prior to the Revolution John Warwick settled at the forks of Deer Creek on lands still occupied by his descendants. Here he built the community fort as early as 1770 and maybe a year or two before the great rush into this valley beginning about that year. The erection of this fort in such good hunting and fishing country was exasperating to the Indians, and they were very troublesome to the settlers living within reach of the fort. On one occasion, an Indian was seen to climb a tree to reconnoitre the fort; he was located and shot by Major Jacob Warwick. Once when this fort was invested by Indians, one of the attacking party shot an arrow into the enclosure from the top of the 'Mole Hill' where

days is the large gallery for the ordered retainers of the families of the congregation. Meeting house and session room have ever been kept in good repair and in recent years a Sunday School room has been added. Strong pastors have served this people. In the early days there were such men as Dr. Kennedy, from New Jersey; Dr. John C. Barr, later for so many years pastor of the First Church in Charleston; Dr. A. H. Hamilton, later of South; William T. Price. The ed the dedicatory sermon more than 80 years ago.

Greenbank is a village but it has a high school which in size and importance would be a credit to a city of live, thousand people. For that matter by means of transportation of pupils it serves a wide spread population of the big Greenbank District.

Away back in 1842, General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia established the Greenbank Academy, a preparatory branch of the University of Virginia. For nearly twenty years this academy played an important part in the culture and educational development of a virile people until broken up by the war between the states.

No part of West Virginia was more thoroughly ravaged by war than Pocahontas county, and no part of the county suffered in greater degree than Greenbank. The contending forces were marching, camping, fighting and raiding through from the very beginning to almost the end, with home talent bushwhacking activities on the side most any time.

Greenbank was strongly southern in sympathy. The Greenbank Company, or "Mountain Rifles," which mustered in consisted of 110 men. Of these, 100 were six feet or more in height. This company was assigned to the 31st Virginia Infantry a fighting company of a fighting regiment. There were 96 casualties. They followed Jackson from McDowell on. After Jackson's death at the Wilderness, they saw Antietam, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, around Richmond, Petersburg, and the rest. The company suffered terribly in the Bloody Angle at Spotsylvania House. Appomattox

the top of the mole hill where Appomattox

3

couriers dispatched with messages from General Lewis to Lord Dunmore on the march to the mouth of the Kanawha River, prior to the Battle of Point Pleasant, the fall of 1774: that he saw much service in the war for liberty, which followed. His declining years were spent at the home of his son, James, who was a Commissioner of the Court under the old arrangement when all its members were squires of their respective districts; he was high sheriff of the county and an elder in the church. He was held in esteem for his scrupulous and strict integrity. The Squire was much in the habit of hunting at the proper season, not only for the sport, but as a matter of business, for the proceeds were useful in bartering for family supplies for the comfort and sustenance of his household. While living at Huntersville he had a very sensational adventure on Buckley Mountain. It was growing late and it was near the time to set out for home. He was passing leisurely along when a panther suddenly mounted a log but a few yards in front of him. He shot the varmint, but when the smoke cleared away another stood in the same place on the log. This performance was repeated nine times. When the hunter became panic stricken and flanked out for home. Some time during the night the remainder of the pack followed the trail of the hunter to his house and killed a year-

the present road forks to Cash. It is a measured distance of better than five hundred yards.

Elizabeth, aged 14 years, daughter of Thomas Galford, went on an errand to the mill. She was never seen afterwards. The searching parties found Indian sign; vain pursuit was made and the families hastened to the fort. The fort was attacked; a man named Sloan was killed, and an Indian wounded. The Indian was taken to a glade near Arbovale, and secreted. Hence the name "Hospital Run." One tradition has it the gun shot wound responded to the treatment of chewed sassafras bark and he recovered to go to his village across the Ohio. Another story is that he died and was buried. About 1800 a peaceful band of several hundred Indians came to Greenbank from the Ohio country to a visit to their old hunting and fishing country.

I have found no record as to when the community church was built, but it was along back in the 1790's or the early 1800's. Anyway it was a log structure and old when replaced by Liberty Presbyterian Church in the 1850's. The old church stood where now is the Arbovale cemetery.

In Liberty is preserved the fine simplicity of the early meeting house type of church architecture; painted white its attractiveness is doubly enhanced by its setting in a large park ed area of oak. An item of the old

00X 111 15

was
In
Gre
M
my
day
P
29
150
near
Mar
Not
low
the
count
Virgi
Hale
tors
Moore
Kaid
estate
Ge
the
q
IV
Com
Jo
eqma
a
un
im
le
qu
en
t
SEA
H

5 from General Lewis to Lord Dunmore on the march to the mouth of the Kanawha River, prior to the Battle of Point Pleasant, the fall of 1774; that he saw him in service in the war for liberty, which followed. His declining years were spent at the home of his son, James, who was a Commissioner of the Court under the old arrangement when all its members were squires of their respective districts; he was high sheriff of the county and an elder in the church. He was held in esteem for his scrupulous and strict integrity. The Squire was much in the habit of hunting at the proper season, not only for the sport, but as a matter of business, for the proceeds were useful in bartering for family supplies for the comfort and sustenance of his household. While living at Huntersville he had a very sensational adventure on Buckley Mountain. It was growing late and it was near the time to set out for home. He was passing leisurely along when a panther suddenly mounted a log hut a few yards in front of him. He shot the varment, but when the smoke cleared away another stood in the same place on the log. This performance was repeated nine times. When the hunter became panic-stricken and flanked out for home. Some time during the night the remainder of the pack followed the trail of the hunter to his house and killed a year-

is a measured distance of better than five hundred yards. Elizabeth, aged 14 years, daughter of Thomas Galford, went on an errand to the mill. She was never seen afterwards. The searching parties found Indian sign; vain pursuit was made and the families lagged to the fort. The fort was attacked; a man named Sloan was killed, and an Indian wounded. The Indian was taken to a glade near Arbovale, and secreted. Hence the name "Hospital Run." One tradition has it the gun shot wound responded to the treatment of chewed sassafras bark and he recovered to go to his village across the Ohio. Another story is that he died and was buried. About 1800 a peaceful band of several hundred Indians came to Greenbank from the Ohio country to a visit to their old hunting and fishing country.

I have found no record as to when the community church was built, but it was along back in the 1790's or the early 1800's. Anyway it was a log structure and old when replaced by Liberty Presbyterian Church in the 1850's. The old church stood where now is the Arbovale cemetery.

In Liberty is preserved the fine simplicity of the early meeting house type of church architecture, painted white its attractiveness is doubly enhanced by its setting in a large park ed area of oak. An item of the old

Box 11118

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Biography W. Va.

Title:

"The Pathfinder of the Seas" (Matthew F. Maury)

Author:

Mrs. Rella F. Yeager

Status:

Complete

Date Submitted:

Length: 1950 words

Contents:

Editor:

Complete statement on life of "The Pathfinder of the Seas" - Matthew Fontaine Maury. Gives description of his life in U. S. Navy; his scientific charts and volumes "Sailing Directions"; Brussels Conference of 1853.

Source:

Consultant:

Salish: 1137 not checked

File: Biography

Folders:

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Biography W. Va.

Title: "The Pathfinder of the Seas" (Matthew F. Maury)

Author: Mrs. Rella F. Yeager

Status: Complete

Date Submitted:

Length: 1950 words

Contents: Editor:

Complete statement on life of "The Pathfinder of the Seas" - Matthew F. Maury. Gives description of his life in U. S. Navy; his scientific charts and volumes "Sailing Directions"; Brussels Conference of 1853.

Source: _____

Consultant: _____

Notes: not checked

File: Biography

Folders: _____

"THE PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS"

maury 1950
C

Americans have not always acknowledged the greatness of their fellowmen. This has been characteristic of the Nation. While there are occasional movements toward recognition of the public services of some distinguished son of the Republic, there are still many who today are practically unknown by the American People. This is unfortunately true of one whom all Europe proclaimed as the "greatest American of his times" but who is not familiar to his own countrymen.

It is therefore our privilege to give the first national record in an American Historical Journal of Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury, the American who charted the winds and the currents of the Oceans; who gave to the world the new science of meteorology; who is in reality the father of the National Observatory at the seat of our National Government and who originated the great system today is known as the Weather bureau.

There is no American whose service to his generation was so great and whose life at home was spent in such seclusion; about him there was the modesty of greatness, for as an American he refused the highest scientific honors of Europe and renounced wealth, fame and even a palace as the gift of an emperor, to pass his last days in the hills of Virginia that he loved. Our beloved West Virginia shares this honor with Virginia, the Mother State.

A friend of kings, he passed away in the beautiful little town of Lexington, Virginia, within the shadow of the graves of Robert E. Lee and General Stonewall Jackson. Through the Journal of American History the life and character of this great American has just been completed.

The investigator is an authority in southern history who is intimately acquainted with those among whom Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury spent his life, and from private historical sources has prepared this record.

Though this investigation a movement has also been made for the erection of a monument to the great American, with an appropriation from the Congress of the government that he so well served.

With the beginning of the past century, on the 14th of January, 1806, only ten miles from the city of Fredericksburg in the County of Spotsylvania, Virginia, was born Matthew Fontaine Maury. He came of goodly stock, for there mingled in his nature, in equal parts, the sturdy religious life of the French Huguenots and the gallantry of the English Cavalier. On his mother's side he belonged to the distinguished Miner family of Virginia, while his name bears testimony that his paternal ancestors were of the choice Huguenots who, from the persecutions of Catholic France stretched their arms to the new world.

When Maury was only five years old, his parents went to Tennessee and settled near the present town of Franklin. There 'mid the forests of Tennessee in the days of the early settlers, before advanced civilization had built her great highways of travel or her schools of learning, there grew up the lad who was to become the "Pathfinder of the Sea".

Few were the early educational advantages of young Maury, but an accident in his youth that seemed to disqualify him for farm life, led his father to give him an opportunity at Harpeth Academy.

The activity of his mind brought him into the special notice of his instructors and the association ripened into life long friendship.

J. H. Stoy, afterward Bishop of Tennessee, and William C. Hasbrouck, to whom Maury dedicated his work on "The Physical Geography of the Sea" were his teachers at the Academy. Maury's ambition was for a course at West Point but his parents denied this to him. Young Maury left home without his father's blessing, for without their knowledge he sought an appointment in the Navy. In 1825 an inland lad of 19 years, Matthew Maury received his appointment to the United States Navy, and was assigned as midshipman on the frigate "Brandywine".

There was no naval academy, for it was Maury himself who first advocated the establishment of the great government school at Annapolis.

This young aspirant for Naval honors, must needs prosecute his studies amid the trying scenes of active sea service. It at once became evident that Maury had resolved to master both the theory and practice of his profession.

His comrades of that early period relate that on the round spot of the quarter-deck, he chalked his diagrams in spherical trigonometry to enable him, when on duty pacing to and fro, to employ the precious moments in useful study. It chanced that during the first year of his service, the "Brandywine" bore LaFayette from his visit to this country.

Tradition tells us that the distinguished Marquis spoke many pleasant and encouraging words to the studious midshipman. In 1826, Maury was transferred to the sloop-of-war "Vinciennes"--about to make a cruise around the world. The opportunities for study on this voyage were much to his advantage, and on his return home, he was ready for his examinations.

In 1831, he was appointed master of the sloop-of-war "Falmouth" which had been ordered to Pacific waters. He at once sought diligently for information as to the best track for his vessel, but no reliable charts for his guidance were in existence. He keenly realized that here was a great need to be supplied and his bold and active brain forthwith began to grapple with the problem of ocean charts.

On this voyage he observed the curious phenomenon of the low barometer off Cape Horn, and wrote upon the subject his first scientific paper and it was at this time that he began his textbook on navigation.

At his home for a time in 1834, two important events occurred. He was married to Miss Anna Herndon of Fredericksburg, Virginia. From this time on we find much of his time and life woven into the history of the old 'Burg on the Rappahannock. The other event that marked this year at home, was the publication of his first book, a treatise on navigation, which became for many years a text book in the United States Navy, and was in every essential particular outlined by Matthew Maury.

It was as a vision from heaven with blessings to earth, and he failed not to convey to his people. It was on his return from the Brussels Conference to London, laden with honors that Maury stood clearly before the world,

"the founder of the twin sciences of hydrography and meteorology". No less a man than Alexander Van Humbolt declared him the "father of a new science", and was distinguished Baron in his 90th year wrote him a fervid letter of congratulation.

The simple De Hot pot of charts and instruments entrusted to the young lieutenant became a National Observatory, with the great man of science as its superintendent. In all particulars this National Observatory under Maury, outlined and comprehended, what now at Washington is divided into four separate departments. Science has conferred no greater boon upon the world than the great ocean cables, that flash the news. It was the genius of Commander Maury that from all this dry data brought forth, these scientific deductions that revolutionized the ship sailing of the world. This took form in a series of six charts and eight large folio volumes of "Sailing Direction", that comprehended all waters in every clime where fly the white sails of civilized commerce. The charts are known as "Maury's wind and currents chart", and are styled "Track Charts," "Thermal Charts," and "Storm and Rain Charts." They exhibit with wonderful accuracy, the winds and currents, their force and direction at different seasons of the year, the temperature of the service waters, the calm belts and trade winds, the rains and the storms.

The eight volumes are of "Sailing Directions" and are brim full of the most valuable nautical information, and are treasures to every intelligent seaman. With these charts and directions, the navigator knows for each season, and in all waters where he has best chances for a swift and safe voyage. Some idea of the work accomplished can be formed from the statement that 20,000 copies of "Sailing Directions" were distributed gratuitously to the merchant vessels.

The practical result to the navigator of the revelations of this great "Master of the Sea" has been that in the most difficult of all sea-voyages, that from New York to San-Francisco, around Cape Horn, the trip has been shortened to forty days, and it has been estimated that in shortening the time and lessening the dangers of sea-voyage there has been a saving to the world's commerce of not less than \$1,000,000 annually.

The accuracy of Maury's work was shown when on one occasion, the "San Francisco" with troops on board was severely damaged in an Atlantic hurricane. The helpless wreck drifted out to the sea.

The Secretary of the Navy appealed to Maury, who estimated where wind and wave acting upon a helpless wreck, would drift the vessel. With a blue pencil he marked the spot on his chart. To this spot relief was sent, and the survivors rescued.

In his "Physical Geography of the Sea", in his discussion of "Sea Routes", Maury has this to say: "So to shape the course on voyages as to make the most of winds and currents at sea, is the navigator's art. How the winds blow and the currents flow along this route is no longer a matter of opinion or subject of speculation, but a matter of certainty determined by actual observation. The winds and the weather daily encountered by hundreds who have sailed on the same voyage before him and 'the distance made good' by each from day to day, have been tabulated and arranged for the mariner; nay, his path has been literally blazed through the winds for him on the sea; mile posts have been set up on the waves, and finger-boards planted, and time tables furnished for the trackless waste."

The international character of the work soon led to an international conference. It was at Maury's instance that in 1853 the United States called the celebrated Brussels Conference. It was a notable gathering of scientific men. Nearly every important maritime nation was there represented and a systematic plan of co-operation provided. It was at this conference that Maury advocated the extension of the same system of meteorological observations to land also and thus form a weather bureau, helpful to agriculture. This he continued to urge and agitate in his papers and addresses all over the country until the very close of his life. The great Signal Service and Weather Bureau, successfully operated in the world today from continent to continent and for this the debt is due to Maury, for the great Atlantic cable is one of the noblest works that flow from his anvil as he wrought.

The "Physical Geography of the Sea and its meteorology" he founded the way to the
the art of nature and land before us by majestic laws.

Master of a pure English style he sets before us the marvelous phenomena of earth and sea.

Master of a pure English style he sets before the marvelous phenomena of earth and sea and air, in thought and language that flows deep and strong, and warm and life giving like the great current of the Gulf Stream.

No American has ever received higher testimonials from foreign countries; Orders of Knighthood were bestowed upon him by the Emperor of Russia, King of Denmark, King of Portugal, King of Belgium and Emperor of France, while other countries struck gold medals in his honor. The Pope sent him a full set of all the medales struck during his pontificate and Maximilian decorated him with the "Crest of our lady civilope". By special request Alexander Von Humbolt bestowed upon him the "Cosmos Medal", struck in honor of the great Baron. It is the only duplicate of that medal in existence.

The Cambridge University of England conferred on him the degree of L.L.D. It is said that in Berlin there stands a statue to his memory. Thus Kings, to do him honor, took delight. The only civilized nation that has withheld adequate recognition of his services has been the government of the United States. All that has come to him from his own government has been the meager pay of his rank in the Navy.

In the Capital City where for twenty years his great brain projected influence that are blessing the whole civilized world today, and are the very honor and glory of our own land, there stands no memorial of his service, no bronze or marble to tell of his greatness. There is not even a bust nor a portrait in the National Observatory where his work was done.

When this nation built its National Library, from all nations and all ages were brought names through worthy to be woven into the beautiful mosaic of that national structure, but while the antiquarian dug deep to find some of the names that are there, he look in vain for that of a man who, born on our native soil and standing under the very shadow of the Capitol, became the founder of twin sciences

enlighten the mind with their wonders and shed light and blessings to the ends of
the earth.

The claims of Maury for recognition at the hands of this nation do not rest
on military service, or any relation he bore, or did not bear that brought us in-
to the brightest stars that adorn the victories of peace.

Maury is one of the greatest names that adorn the history of Virginia. Do
not think the name of Maury is forgotten in his own land. It is too closely woven
into his great science ever to be lost to the world.

The Congress of Meteorology must render to the name of Maury a tribute of
profound gratitude, as the founder of our science and the highest honor for his
researches in every department of this science.

April 27, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Marlinton, W. Va.POCAHONTAS COUNTYChapter 4- Section 4 - part b - question 1.

You asked for a socially inherent reason for the formation of a separate county. I looked through the County Records and all of the Histories of the counties of which Pocahontas had been a part and could not find the answer to this question. In desperation I went to Mr. Calvin Price and he assured me that this had never been put in print but that he could give me the reason and that I could quote him.

It seems that the people from Marlinton, Huntersville, and this section of the county had to go to Warm Springs to Court. The people from Greenbank and the upper part of the county had to go to Franklin. The people from the Elk section of the county had to go to Beverly, and those from Swago and the lower end of the county had to go to Lewisburg. Mr. Price says that the people in what is now Pocahontas County being more or less related, they just decided to form a compact county of their own with the county seat at Huntersville.

If this isn't sufficient information, let me know and perhaps I can get something more from Mr. Price, for at times he seems to be our only source of information, and he is always most kind about helping us.

April 27, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Marlinton, W. Va.POCAHONTAS COUNTYChapter 4- Section 4 - part b - question 1.

You asked for a socially inherent reason for the formation of a separate county. I looked through the County Records and all of the Histories of the counties of which Pocahontas had been a part and could not find the answer to this question. In desperation I went to Mr. Calvin Price and he assured me that this had never been put in print but that he could give me the reason and that I could quote him.

It seems that the people from Marlinton, Huntersville, and this section of the county had to go to Warm Springs to Court. The people from Greenbank and the upper part of the county had to go to Franklin. The people from the Elk section of the county had to go to Beverly, and those from Swago and the lower end of the county had to go to Lewisburg. Mr. Price says that the people in what is now Pocahontas County being more or less related, they just decided to form a compact county of their own with the county seat at Huntersville.

If this isn't sufficient information, let me know and perhaps I can get something more from Mr. Price, for at times he seems to be our only source of information, and he is always most kind about helping us.

The Charleston Gazette.

July 4th Tour of State's Scenic Spots Is Suggested

483-Mile Trip and 508-Mile Alternate Are Charted
By State Road Commission Information Bureau;
Camping, Picnicking Are Permitted

With a long weekend in prospect for the Fourth of July, the state road commission suggested a typical West Virginia tour yesterday for those seeking the coolness and scenic beauty of the state's highlands.

Charts 483-Mile Trip

Mrs. Lois Ford, in one of her last acts as chief of the information department, charted a 483-mile trip that will take the traveler through historic sections of the state as well as those rich in natural beauty and developed as recreational centers.

From Charleston, Mrs. Ford suggests taking U. S. 60, the route of the historic James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which in the trip to Lewisburg passes through busy industrial sections, picturesque Gaudy Bridge, and past Hawks Nest state park and the New River canyon, with its breath-taking scenery.

Historic points on this section of the trip include Tyre Tavern, known as Halfway House, which dates beyond the revolution and was rebuilt in 1810, and the 117-year-old Old Stone House on the west slope of Big Sewell mountain.

Swimming Available At Park

At Lewisburg, the tourist is advised to turn north into U. S. 219—the Seneca Trail—through the bluegrass farmlands and past Droop Mountain Battlefield state park, where was fought one of the long and engagements of the Civil War, and Watoga state park, where one may find for a swim in the cool mountain waters of Watoga lake.

State Route 39, which intersects with 219, goes to Munchula Springs.

July 4th Tour of State's Scenic Spots Is Suggested

483-Mile Trip and 508-Mile Alternate Are Charted
By State Road Commission Information Bureau;
Camping, Picnicking Are Permitted

With a long weekend in prospect for the Fourth of July, the state road commission suggested a typical West Virginia tour yesterday for those seeking the coolness and scenic beauty of the state's highlands.

Charts 483-Mile Trip

Mrs. Lois Ford, in one of her last acts as chief of the information department, charted a 483-mile trip that will take the traveler through historic sections of the state as well as those rich in natural beauty and developed as recreational centers.

From Charleston, Mrs. Ford suggests taking U. S. 60, the route of the historic James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which in the trip to Lewisburg passes through busy industrial sections, picturesque Gauley Bridge, and past Hawks Nest state park and the New River canyon, with its breath-taking scenery.

Historic points on this section of the trip include Tyree Tavern, known as Halfway House, which dates beyond the revolution and was rebuilt in 1810, and the 117-year-old Old Stone House on the west slope of Big Sewell mountain.

Swimming Available At Park

At Lewisburg, the tourist is advised to turn north into U. S. 219—the Seneca Trail—through the bluegrass farmlands and past Droop Mountain Battlefield state park, where was fought one of the long and engagements of the Civil war, and Watoga state park where one may pause for a swim in the cool mountain waters of Watoga lake.

State Route 30, which intersects with 219, goes to Minnehaha Springs.

the historic James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which in the trip to Lewisburg passes through busy industrial sections, picturesque Gaudy Bridge, and past Hawks Nest state park and the New River canyon, with its breath-taking scenery.

Historic points on this section of the trip include Tyree Tavern, known as Halfway House, which dates beyond the revolution and was rebuilt in 1810, and the 117-year-old Old Stone House on the west slope of Big Sewell mountain.

Swimming Available At Park

At Lewisburg, the tourist is advised to turn north into U. S. 219—the Seneca Trail—through the bluegrass farmlands and past Droop Mountain Battlefield state park, where was fought one of the longest engagements of the Civil war, and Watoga State park where one may pause for a swim in the cool mountain waters of Watoga lake.

State Route 39, which intersects with 219, goes to Minnehaha Springs, a summer recreational resort suggested as a good stop-over on the trip.

From this point, the tour goes north on Route 28—a cool, scenic drive through the heart of the Monongahela National forest—to Judy Gap where a good forest road leads to Spruce Knob, the highest point in the state. Use of U. S. 220 is then advised by Mrs. Ford to Petersburg—a drive that follows the South Branch of the Potomac for some distance and passes the Smoke Hole area, famed as a fisherman's paradise, where cabins may be rented.

Seneca Beauty Cited

For the return trip, Mrs. Ford suggests State Route 4, east and then southeast through the limestone country where mighty rocks such as 900-foot Seneca provide a scene not often witnessed by the city dweller. Seneca caverns and a new development, the Smoke Hole caverns, provide subterranean beauty surpassing the highly-advertised caves of other states.

Between Mouth of Seneca and points on Route 4 are Alpena and Stuart Memorial parks, where camping and picnicking are permitted, while good swimming at Stuart park is also available before the trip through the Upshur country farmlands and down the Valley of the Elk back to Charleston.

As an alternate tour of 508 miles, Mrs. Ford suggests U. S. 60 to Gaudy Bridge, U. S. 19 to Summersville, State 39 to Richwood, State 20 to Buckhannon, State 4 to Petersburg, State 42 to Mount Storm, U. S. 34 to Red House, U. S. 219 to Romney and State 4 to Charleston—a route that passes the Holly River state park and the French Creek

the historic James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which in the trip to Lewisburg passes through busy industrial sections, picturesque Gauley Bridge, and past Hawks Nest state park and the New River canyon, with its breath-taking scenery.

Historic points on this section of the trip include Tyree Tavern, known as Halfway House, which dates beyond the revolution and was rebuilt in 1810, and the 117-year-old Old Stone House on the west slope of Big Sewell mountain.

Swimming Available At Park

At Lewisburg, the tourist is advised to turn north into U. S. 219—the Seneca Trail—through the bluegrass farmlands and past Droop Mountain Battlefield state park, where was fought one of the longest engagements of the Civil war, and Watoga State park where one may pause for a swim in the cool mountain waters of Watoga lake.

State Route 39, which intersects with 219, goes to Minnehaha Springs, a summer recreational resort suggested as a good stop-over on the trip.

From this point, the tour goes north on Route 28—a cool, scenic drive through the heart of the Monongahela National forest—to Judy Gap where a good forest road leads to Spruce Knob, the highest point in the state. Use of U. S. 220 is then advised by Mrs. Ford to Petersburg—a drive that follows the South Branch of the Potomac for some distance and passes the Smoke Hole area, famed as a fisherman's paradise, where cabins may be rented.

Seneca Beauty Cited

For the return trip, Mrs. Ford suggests State Route 4, east and then southeast through the limestone country where mighty rocks such as 900-foot Seneca provide a scene not often witnessed by the city dweller. Seneca caverns and a new development, the Smoke Hole caverns, provide subterranean beauty surpassing the highly-advertised caves of other states.

Between Mouth of Seneca and Summit on Route 4 are Alpena and Stuart Memorial parks, where camping and picnicking are permitted, while good swimming at Stuart park is also available before the trip through the Upshur country farmlands and down the Valley of the Elk back to Charleston.

As an alternate tour of 508 miles, Mrs. Ford suggests U. S. 60 to Gauley Bridge, U. S. 19 to Summersville, State 39 to Richwood, State 20 to Buckhannon, State 4 to Petersburg, State 42 to Mount Storm, U. S. 50 to Red House, U. S. 219 to Elkins and State 4 to Charleston—a route that passes the Holey River state park and the French Creek

STATE ATTRACTIONS

Proberts

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Flora E. Va.

Title: Article from the
Crabapple Garden

Author: Samuel Woodward

9-8-58

Date Submitted: _____ Length: 171 words

Editor: _____

Contents: _____

Article from Clarksburg Export Sept 8 1958

Source:

Character:

Serial:

STATE ATTRACTIONS

Productive

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Farms E. Va.

Title: Article from the
Crabapple Blade

Author: Emmanuel Woodward

9-8-38

Date Submitted: _____ Length: 171 Words

Status:

Editor: _____

Contents:

Article from Crabapple Express Sept 8, 1938

Notes:

Classified

Excluded from

STATE ATTRACTIONS

For 1938 Graham

From Blackburg Exponent Sept 8, 1938
(Today)

Richmond, Sept. 7.

Plants from the famous Cranberry Glades
are classified by experts of the Smithsonian
Institution, D.C. museum as a result of a
visit by Dr. Paul Bartsch, head curator of the
institution and chief of the Department of
Botany at George Washington University, Washington.
Bartsch & Dr. T. Carter, also of Washington
are guests of Miss Billie Barton, here.

"Not since Iruas in Labrador have we
seen a sight as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Bartsch
aid. "The reindeer moss is a mystery
as to how it grows here and from whence it
comes. In the far north there is an abundance
of it, but why it should be in this particular
spot in D.C. is beyond me."

Dr. Bartsch is in the

STAFF ATTRACTIONS

For 19190 Graham

From Charleston Exposition Sept 8, 1938
(Today)

Richmond, Sept. 7.

Plants from the famous Cranberry Glades
is classified by experts of the Smithsonian
Institution, D.C. museum as a recruit of a moss
first seen by Dr. Paul Bartsch, head curator of the
institution and chief of the Department of
Botany at George Washington University, Washington.

Bartsch & Dr. T. Parker, also of Washington
are guests of Mrs. Billie Bolton, here.

"Not since I was in Labrador have I seen
such a sight as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Bartsch
aid. "The reindeer moss is a mystery
as to how it grows here and from whence it
comes. In the far north there is an abundance
of it, but why it should be in this particular
spot in D.C. is beyond me."

Dr. Bartsch is here

Sept. 7.

Plants from the famous Cranberry bog
is identified by experts of the Smithsonian
Museum as a recruit of a bog
plant by Dr. Paul Cartach, head curator of the
Institution and chief of the Department of
Botany at George Washington University, Washington
Cartach + Dr. T. C. Coker, also of Washington
are guests of Mrs. Billie Eaton, here.

Not since moss in Labrador has been
such a sight as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Cartach
said. "The reindeer moss is a mystery
as to how it grows here and from whence it
comes. In the far north there is an abundance
of it, but why it should be in this particular
spot in N.H. is beyond me."

The glades, high meadows in the
mountains about 35 miles from here, have
attracted many plant experts. They describe
it as a "gro" of plant life.

Enguay - Webster Co.

Found and about 30 yrs ago

was in the bog

exactly correct name

but time

found, Sept. 7.
Plants from the famous Cranberry marsh
is identified by experts of the Smithsonian
Museum as a result of a trip
made by Dr. Paul Bartsch, head curator of the
Institution and chief of the Department of
Zoology at George Washington University, Washington
Bartsch & Dr. T. Crocker, also of Washington
were guests of Mrs. Billie Eaton, here.

"Not since I was in Labrador have we
seen a sight as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Bartsch
said. "The reindeer moss is a mystery
as to how it grows here and from whence it
comes. In the far north there is an abundance
of it, but why it should be in this particular
spot in N.H. is beyond me."

The glades, high meadows in the
mountains about 35 miles from here, have
attracted many plant experts. They describe
it as a "go" of plant life.

Logan - Webster Co.

Found and about 30 yrs ago

... ..

... ..

... ..

Sitting Bull Creek named for him, the first settler, Rowell Sitting Bull (1776-1840, page 235) whose land at Fairmore on this creek Robert Sitting Bull was the grandfather of James Warwick (1740-1826) my grandfather three times over, who was a mixed land owner and Indian scout in Porechontas and Bath counties. He resided at different times on Jackson River near Steam Springs and at Clover Lick on Clover Creek on Greenbrier River.

Dunmore, on Skillingtons creek was undoubtedly named for Lord Dunmore the last Colonial Governor of Virginia. After the Revolution, because of personal unpopularity of the memory of Governor Dunmore repeated moves were made to change the name, but it has persisted none the less. In later years two citizens of the name of Dunn and Moore claimed that the name was coined from their joint names, and Price so states in history of the county. However the place was known as Dunmore in pre-Revolutionary times, being the site of Jacob Warwick's Fort on or near by Deer Creek.

Price Run. Eaters Greenbrier River at Marlinton, west side; also Price Hill in the same locality. Home of the Price family. The original Lewis Survey (1751) acquired by Jacob Warlick and settled by his daughter Nancy and her husband Major William T Poage about 1790. The survey, 640 acres comprised the whole of the site of the present county seat, Marlinton. William Thomas Price, author of Prices Historical Sketches of Pocahontas County, born here July 19, 1830, and died at the place where he was born January 15, 1921, aged ninety years. The Hill and stream named for the Price Place is now occupied in part by myself.

... In Buchanan County,
Virginia—By Dr. S. R.
... near Abbeville: Nam
... a tradition that an Indian
... wounded in the fight at Crater
... camped on the run while re-
... foliage of sassafras leaves
... to be used by Indians for gun
... weeds afterwards found at this

Forest situated on high exposed
ground, retaining to a cold locality.
Edge of a allige and peatbog.

near a lumber town and post office on Greenbille River, started about 1810 by a Mr. Dennison, who came from Hagerstown, Maryland. The name flowed from the first syllable of Dennison and Maryland, Denmark. Now the site for the State tuberculosis sanitarium for colored people.

• Caesar, Vermont Oarslooking the
Levels of Potomac County, and a
part of Droop Mountain Battlefield
first settled and named by Henry
Hesslinbald at the beginning of the
19th century. (Price Historical
Society, page 110) Hesslinbald was a
man of mystery who seemed to be
well educated, a clinical scholar;
hence the name, possibly. At his
death he freed his slaves, of whom
he had several. He left Caesar one
son, and to Vinz another
son.

Brady's Creek, Named for the pioneer Father Brady, who first settled on the branch of Hills Creek. Numerous descendants live in the valley.

Swift Creek Tributary to the
Greensboro River, four miles below
Horseshoe. Was of Indian origin,
probably the same Seneca designation
as Ogees. The valley in early days
was much frequented by the Indians
descended by several Indian Bands
and became a place where found in sin-
gle & some times for articles
obtained from the Greensboro strata
on this point.

1892: Battle of Chancellorsville
 at the Wilderness. On 11th
 of May 1862, General Robert E. Lee
 defeated the Union Army of the
 Potomac, led by General George B. Meade.
 This was a decisive victory for the
 Confederacy, and it allowed Lee to
 move his army into the North.
 The battle was a turning point in the
 war, and it showed that the
 Confederacy was capable of a
 major offensive.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them.

Onoto Near by, was so named upon the establishment of the post office there about forty years ago for a priestess of Japan. I do not now recall whether it was her given or her sur name.

Numerous small creeks and runs in Pocahontas county, such as Span Oak Run, Cup Run etc., named from some natural phenomena such as a leaning tree used as a foot bridge, or a hollowed stone, which may have cleaved.

On the head of Swago creek there is a "Natural Bridge" formed by a stratum of the limestone, about forty feet in length and fifteen feet high, under which the stream flows. This bridge is in a very rugged country in the forest.

Sunday Lick Run and Monday Lick Run about half mile apart and two miles below Marlinton, tributary to Great Kiser River in the east side near the mouth of Swago Creek. In pioneer days deer licks were frequented on these streams and fanciful names given by hunters. There is a tradition that once a hunter killed a deer on Sunday at one of these licks; Sunday hunting was frowned upon by the early settlers, and the name given as an enduring reproach. Lens Rodolph lies between Sunday and Monday Licks, from Len Monday, pioneer hunter.

Ridgeway A lumber settlement on Stamping Creek near Mill Point developed by John Ridgeway, lumberman. The mill is gone but a settlement remains. Stamping Creek is turbulent in certain stream which "breaks" with devastating force. It is named for a pioneer miller here, the mill an over-shot water settlement. Stamping Creek near by was the stamping ground for the buffalo.

Forest. The forest is a mixed forest of deciduous and coniferous trees. The forest is a mixed forest of deciduous and coniferous trees. The forest is a mixed forest of deciduous and coniferous trees.

[illegible]

... of the

Stillington Creek Named for the
the first settler, Robert Stillington
(1717-1800), page 235) who set-
tled at Highmore on this creek. Robert
Stillington was the grandfather of
Jacob Warwick (1740-1826) my
grandfather three removes, who was
a mixed blood owner and Indian scout
in Pocahontas and Bath counties.
He resided at different times on Jack-
son's River near Warm Springs and
at Clover Lick on Clover Creek on
Greenbrier River.

Dunmore, on Stillingtons creek was undoubtedly named for Lord Dunmore the last Colonial Governor of Virginia. After the Revolution, because of personal unpopularity of the memory of Governor Dunmore repeated moves were made to change the name, but it has persisted none the less. In later years two citizens of the name of Dunn and Moore claimed that the name was coined from their joint names, and Price so states in history of the county. However the place was known as Dunmore in pre-Revolutionary times, being the site of Jacob Warwick's Fort on or near by Deer Creek.

Price Run. Enters Greenbrier River at Marlinton, west side; also Price Hill in the same locality. Home of the Price family. The original Lewis Survey (1751) acquired by Jacob Warwick and settled by his daughter Nancy and her husband Major William T Poage about 1790. The survey, 630 acres comprised the whole of the site of the present county seat, Marlinton. William Thomas, Price, author of Prices Historical Sketches of Pocahontas County, born here July 19, 1830, and died at the place where he was born January 15, 1921, aged ninety years. The Hill and stream named for the Price Place is now occupied in part by myself.

It is a tradition that an Indian
wounded in the fight at Crater
camped on the run while re-
freshing himself on the leaves
of the *Quercus laevis*. The leaves
are used by Indians for gun
wounds afterwards found at this

Free. Situated on high exposed ground, inferring to a cold locality. Name of a village and postoffice.

place of a village and post
office on Greenbrier River, started
about 1810 by a Mr. Dennison, who
came from Hagerstown, Maryland.
The name is from the first settle-
ment of Dennison and Maryland. Den-
nison. Now the site for the State tu-
berculosis sanitarium for colored
people.

• Caesar Mountain Overlooking the
Lava of Pocatontos County, and a
part of Deep Mountain Battlefield.
First settled and named by Henry
Wesslebild at the beginning of the
19th century. (Price Historical
Society, page 116) Wesslebild was a
man of mystery who seemed to be
well educated, a classical scholar;
hence the name, possibly. At his
death he freed his slaves, of whom
he had several. He left Caesar one
mountain, and to Vinz another
mountain.

Buena Vista Creek, Named for the
general Patrick Buena Vista, who first
settled on the branch of Hills Creek.
Numerous descendants live in the
vicinity.

Keays Creek tributary to the
Fenstermaker River, four miles below
Wormtown. Word of Indian origin,
probably the same Seneca designation
as Quags. The valley in early days
was much frequented by the Indians
and was frequented by several Indian Bands
and Indian stone mounds found in great
numbers here (see) for artifacts
and from the Silurian strata
in the pit.

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem or goal. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be achieved.

2. Next, you need to gather information. This could involve research, consultation with experts, or collecting data.

3. Once you have gathered information, you should analyze it. This means looking for patterns, trends, and potential solutions.

4. After analysis, you should develop a plan. This plan should outline the steps you will take to achieve your goal.

5. The final step is to implement the plan. This involves putting your plan into action and monitoring progress.

Onio Near by, was so named upon the establishment of the post office there about forty years ago for a priestess of Japan. I do not now recall whether it was her given or her sur name.

Numerous small creeks and runs in Pecoshtuntas county, such as Span Oak Run, Cup Run etc., named from some natural phenomena such as a leaning tree used as a foot bridge, or a hollowed stone, which may have appeared.

On the head of Swago creek there is a "Natural Bridge" formed by a stratum of the blue stone, about forty feet in length and fifteen feet high, under which the stream flows. This bridge is in a very rugged country in the forest.

Sunday Lick Run and Monday Lick Run about half mile apart and two miles below Maclinton, tributary to Great River from the east side near the mouth of Sago Creek. In pioneer days deer licks were frequented on these streams and fanciful names given by hunters. There is a tradition that once a hunter killed a deer on Sunday at one of these licks; Sunday hunting was frowned upon by the early settlers, and the name given as an enduring reproach. Less rivalry between Sunday and Monday licks, from Len Monday, pioneer hunter.

Railtown A lumber settlement on Stamping Creek near Mill Point developed by John Raine, lumberman. The mill is gone but a settlement remains. Stamping Creek a turbulent mountain stream which "flows" with reverberations. Mill built for a pioneer miller. Power the mill an overshot wheel. Settlements Stamping Creek near by, was the stamping ground for the buffalo.

Ruger Creek, Tributary to White
Horse River in the Shoshone National
Forest. Named for the number
of the trees of the sugar maple
species.

[illegible]

What is the probability of finding a particle in a region of width Δx at position x ?

STATE ATTRACTIONS CITED BY BIAS IN ADDRESS TO CLUB

West Virginia Leads in Percent-
age of Native-Born, White
Population

RESIDENTS WIN WORLD FAME

First Battles of Revolution and
Civil War Fought in Borders
—Leads in Glass Output

An historical sketch of West Virginia, including each progressive step from the time of Virginia's secession during the Civil war, was given by B. Randolph Bias, Williamson attorney, before an unusually large audience of members and guests of the Huntington Woman's club at the monthly general meeting this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the club house.

Mrs. Karl C. Prichard, president of the club, presided at the meeting and the program was sponsored by the Civics department, of which Mrs. Douglas W. Brown is chairman. The business session was omitted in order to give Mr. Bias time for his address, "West Virginia," which has received widespread notice in the state.

Mr. Bias is a prominent attorney in Williamson, being former assistant prosecuting attorney of Mingo county and former president of the West Virginia State Bar association.

His address this afternoon, in part, follows:

"West Virginia was born of the Civil war because that part of Virginia which now constitutes West Virginia was loyal to the Union and refused to secede.

Descendants From Colonists

"Its fifty-five counties have twenty-five thousand square miles of area and a million and a half of the best people on earth.

"Its people are honest, truthful, industrious, law-abiding and God-fearing. Largely descended from the colonists of Virginia, eighty-nine and

forty-four per cent of them are native-born whites.

"During the time before Virginia was entered, the two Virginias

line railroad companies, their general counsel, Cornwell to Baltimore & Ohio; Fitzpatrick to the Chesapeake & Ohio and Knight to the Virginian.

"Julia Pierpont, who established 'Memorial Day,' was a West Virginian, as was Ann Jaryis, who founded 'Mother's Day.' Alexander Wade, father of the graded school system, was a West Virginian, as was Alexander Campbell, founder of a great church.

"To literature, poetry and history we have furnished such people as David B. Strother, known in Civil war times as Port Grayson; Daniel B. Lucas and his sister, Virginia Lucas, Fannie Kemble Johnson, Dr. John P. Hale, Governor George W. Atkinson, Governor William A. McCorkle, William S. Edwards, Virgil A. Lewis, William Henry Foote, Hugh Maxwell, Bishop George W. Peterkins and Dr. James Monroe Callaghan.

"Thomas Dunn English was a resident of Logan county when he wrote that immortal ballad, 'Ben Bolt.'

"Leslie Thurner, one of America's best known artists and illustrators, is also a West Virginian.

"The rural free delivery mail system was originated by Hon. W. L. Wilson, a West Virginian, who was postmaster general under President Cleveland.

"A West Virginian now is the head of the American army. A West Virginian is at the head of our national

STATE ATTRACTIONS CITED BY BIAS IN ADDRESS TO CLUB

West Virginia Leads in Percent-
age of Native-Born White
Population

RESIDENTS WIN WORLD FAME

First Battles of Revolution and
Civil War Fought in Borders
—Leads in Glass Output

An historical sketch of West Virginia, including each progressive step from the time of Virginia's secession during the Civil war, was given by B. Randolph Bias, Williamson attorney, before an unusually large audience of members and guests of the Huntington Woman's club at the monthly general meeting this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the club house.

Mrs. Karl C. Prichard, president of the club, presided at the meeting and the program was sponsored by the Civics department, of which Mrs. Douglas W. Brown is chairman. The business session was omitted in order to give Mr. Bias time for his address, "West Virginia," which has received widespread notice in the state.

Mr. Bias is a prominent attorney in Williamson, being former assistant prosecuting attorney of Mingo county and former president of the West Virginia State Bar association. His address this afternoon, in part, follows:

"West Virginia was born of the Civil war because that part of Virginia which now constitutes West Virginia was loyal to the Union and refused to secede.

Descendants From Colonists

The fifty-five counties have twenty-five thousand square miles of area and a million and a half of the best people on earth.

The people are honest, truthful, industrious, law-abiding and God-fearing. Early descended from the colonies of Virginia, eighty-nine and ten-th per cent of them are native-born whites.

During the time before Virginia was divided the two Virginias were to have been one state.

line railroad companies their general counsel. Cornwell to Baltimore & Ohio; Fitzpatrick to the Chesapeake & Ohio and Knight to the Virginian.

"Julia Pierpont, who established 'Memorial Day,' was a West Virginian, as was Ann Jaryis, who founded 'Mother's Day.' Alexander Wade, father of the graded school system, was a West Virginian, as was Alexander Campbell, founder of a great church.

"To literature, poetry and history we have furnished such people as David B. Strotter, known in Civil war times as Port Grayson; Daniel B. Lucas and his sister, Virginia Lucas, Fannie Kemble Johnson, Dr. John P. Hale, Governor George W. Atkinson, Governor William A. McCorkle, William S. Edwards, Virgil A. Lewis, William Henry Foote, Hugh Maxwell, Bishop George W. Peterkins and Dr. James Monroe Callaghan.

"Thomas Dunn English was a resident of Logan county when he wrote that immortal ballad, "Ben Holt."

"Leslie Turner, one of America's best known artists and illustrators, is also a West Virginian.

"The tunnel free delivery mail system was originated by Hon. W. L. Wilson, a West Virginian, who was postmaster general under President Cleveland.

"A West Virginian now is the head of the American army. A West Virginian is at the head of our national

in William... attorney of Mingo
and prosecuting... of the
county and former president of the
West Virginia State Bar association.
His address this afternoon, in part,
follows:

"West Virginia was born of the
Civil war because that part of Vir-
ginia which now constitutes West
Virginia was loyal to the Union and
refused to secede.

Descendants From Colonists

"Its fifty-five counties have twenty-
five thousand square miles of area
and a million and a half of the best
people on earth.

"Its people are honest, truthful, in-
dustrious, law-abiding and God-fear-
ing. Largely descended from the col-
onists of Virginia, eighty-nine and
nine-tenths per cent of them are na-
tive-born whites.

"Including the time before Virginia
was dismembered, the two Virginias
gave to history John Smith, Poca-
hontas, Jamestown, Yorktown and
Appomattox; the Declaration of In-
dependence; the fathers of the Con-
stitution; Washington, Jefferson, Mar-
shall, Madison, Monroe, Henry,
Mason, the Randolphs, the Lees and
more presidents than any other state
has given to the Union.

"Except for certain of the original
thirteen colonies there are more
graves of soldiers of the Revolution
in West Virginia than in any other
state.

"One county in West Virginia
(Berkeley) gave to our cause in the
Revolution five of its generals, in-
cluding General Gates, Charles Lee
and Alexander Stevens.

"The first battle of the Revolution
(Point Pleasant) was fought on West
Virginia soil as was the last battle,
at Fort Henry.

First In War

"The first battle of the Civil war
was fought at Philippi; the first
Union soldier killed in the Civil war
was a West Virginian; the Paul
Revere of the Spanish American war,
the man who carried the message to
Garcia, Major Andrew Summers
Rosen was a West Virginian; the
Commander of the flagship New York
in the battle of Santiago, was a West
Virginian; the first man to scale the
wall of Tientsin in the Boxer rebellion
was a West Virginian; and a West
Virginian was first of the Allies to
land in France in the World war
(Lt. Virgil L. Latham).

"The first battle of the World war
was fought at Philippi.

"The first battle of the World war
was fought at Philippi.

David B. Strother, known in Civil
war times as Port Grayson; Daniel
B. Lucas and his sister, Virginia
Lucas, Fannie Kemble Johnson, Dr.
John P. Hale, Governor George W.
Atkinson, Governor William A. Mc-
Corkle, William S. Edwards, Virgil A.
Lewis, William Henry Foote, Hugh
Maxwell, Bishop George W. Peterkins
and Dr. James Monroe Callaghan.

"Thomas Dunn English was a resi-
dent of Logan county when he wrote
that immortal ballad, "Ben Bolt."

"Leslie Thrasher, one of America's
best known artists and illustrators,
is also a West Virginian.

"The rural free delivery mail sys-
tem was originated by Hon. W. L.
Wilson, a West Virginian, who was
postmaster general under President
Cleveland.

"A West Virginian now is the head
of the American army. A West Vir-
ginian is at the head of our national
air service and a West Virginian was,
in 1924, the nominee for president of
the United States.

Streams For Power

"We have, today, eight thousand
public schools, fourteen thousand
teachers and spend for them, twenty-
five million dollars. We have more
than two hundred high schools today
while in 1870 we had none. We em-
ploy fifteen hundred high school
teachers and have more than twenty-
five thousand high school students.

"When West Virginia university was
established sixty years ago, it had a
president, four instructors, and prop-
erty valued at fifty thousand dollars.
Today it has two hundred instructors
and property worth more than two
million dollars.

"West Virginia has water power
furnishing almost inexhaustible pos-
sibilities. We have coal enough to
supply the world with fuel for a cen-
tury and uncut timber on our hills
sufficient to last for a long time.

"We have produced oil of the high-
est grade and gas enough to supply
several adjoining states. Annually we
produce forty per cent of the total
production of gas in the country lead-
ing all states.

"The largest conical mound, built
by a prehistoric race, is located at
Moundsville. It is seventy-five feet
high and its circumference at its
base is 800 feet.

"The first brick paved street in
the world was laid in Charleston in
1870.

"West Virginia produces more glass
than any state on earth and has
production of the largest factories in
the world.

"We have the greatest percentage
of native born white population of
any state in the Union. We are a
happy, contented, industrious peo-
ple.

in William... attorney of Mingo
ant prosecuting... of the
county and former president of the
West Virginia State Bar association.
His address this afternoon, in part,
follows:

"West Virginia was born of the
Civil war because that part of Vir-
ginia which now constitutes West
Virginia was loyal to the Union and
refused to secede.

Descendants From Colonists

"Its fifty-five counties have twenty-five thousand square miles of area and a million and a half of the best people on earth.

"Its people are honest, truthful, industrious, law-abiding and God-fearing. Largely descended from the colonists of Virginia, eighty-nine and nine-tenths per cent of them are native-born whites.

"Including the time before Virginia was dismembered, the two Virginias gave to history John Smith, Pocahontas, Jamestown, Yorktown and Appomattox; the Declaration of Independence; the fathers of the Constitution; Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, Monroe, Henry, Mason, the Randolphs, the Lees and more presidents than any other state has given to the Union.

"Except for certain of the original thirteen colonies there are more graves of soldiers of the Revolution in West Virginia than in any other state.

"One county in West Virginia (Berkeley) gave to our cause in the Revolution five of its generals, including General Gates, Charles Lee and Alexander Stevens.

"The first battle of the Revolution (Point Pleasant) was fought on West Virginia soil as was the last battle, at Fort Henry.

First In War

"The first battle of the Civil war was fought at Philippi; the first Union soldier killed in the Civil war was a West Virginian; the Paul Revere of the Spanish American war, the man who carried the message to Garcia, (Major Andrew Summers Rowan) was a West Virginian; the Commander of the flagship New York in the battle of Santiago, was a West Virginian; the first man to scale the wall of Tientsin in the Boxer rebellion was a West Virginian; and a West Virginian was first of the Allies to

David B. Strother, known in Civil war times as Port Grayson; Daniel B. Lucas and his sister, Virginia Lucas, Fannie Kemble Johnson, Dr. John P. Hale, Governor George W. Atkinson, Governor William A. McCorkle, William S. Edwards, Virgil A. Lewis, William Henry Foote, Hugh Maxwell, Bishop George W. Peterkins and Dr. James Monroe Callaghan.

"Thomas Dunn English was a resident of Logan county when he wrote that immortal ballad, "Ben Bolt."

"Leslie Thrasher, one of America's best known artists and illustrators, is also a West Virginian.

"The rural free delivery mail system was originated by Hon. W. L. Wilson, a West Virginian, who was postmaster general under President Cleveland.

"A West Virginian now is the head of the American army. A West Virginian is at the head of our national air service and a West Virginian was, in 1924, the nominee for president of the United States.

Streams For Power

"We have, today, eight thousand public schools, fourteen thousand teachers and spend for them, twenty-five million dollars. We have more than two hundred high schools today while in 1870 we had none. We employ fifteen hundred high school teachers and have more than twenty-five thousand high school students.

"When West Virginia university was established sixty years ago, it had a president, four instructors, and property valued at fifty thousand dollars. Today it has two hundred instructors and property worth more than two million dollars.

"West Virginia has water power furnishing almost inexhaustible possibilities. We have coal enough to supply the world with fuel for a century and uncut timber on our hills sufficient to last for a long time.

"We have produced oil of the highest grade and gas enough to supply several adjoining states. Annually we produce forty per cent of the total production of gas in the country leading all states.

"The largest conical mound, built by a prehistoric race, is located at Moundsville. It is seventy-five feet high and its circumference at its base is 800 feet.

"The first brick paved street in the world was laid in Charleston in 1870.

"West Virginia produces more glass than any state on earth and has eighteen of the largest factories in the world.

"We have the greatest percentage of native born white population of any state in the Union. We are a happy, contented people.

Virginian was first of the Allies to reach the Rhine in the World war (Captain Ward Lanham.)

"To the Union it gave its loyalty and itself; to the Confederacy it gave Stonewall Jackson.

"West Virginia has given to the Methodist Episcopal church five of its greatest bishops, that "Father of Methodism West of the Mississippi," Andrew Monroe; and its greatest woman missionary to Alaska, Mary McFarland; to the Baptist church, the "Surgeon of America," John W. Carter.

"To invention West Virginia gave James Ramsey, who built the first boat propelled by steam ten years before Fulton fulfilled his dream, and Michael J. Owen, who designed the bottle-making machine and sheet-glass drawing apparatus.

Great Athletes

"To literature West Virginia gave Melville Davisson Post, Henry Syndor Harrison, John Esten Cook, Rebecca Harding Davis, the mother of the more distinguished Richard Harding Davis, Margaret Prescott Montague, Herbert Quick and Waltman T. Barber.

"To athletics and sports, the state has contributed Jack Dempsey, "Hurry Up" Yost, America's greatest football coach, and Ira Errett Rodgers, considered the greatest fullback ever on the football field.

"At the Olympic games in Paris in 1924 when the United States competed in various track and field events with practically all the nations on earth, winning a total of 255 points, Miss Martha Norellus, a 16-year-old West Virginia girl, of White Sulphur Springs, won the world championship in swimming making the 400 meter free-style swim in six minutes, two and a half seconds.

"West Virginia gave to California, James Farley, a United States senator; to Iowa, the greatest senator she ever had, Jonathan F. Dolliver; to Ohio, four of her greatest governors; and to Alabama, Kansas, Maryland, and North Dakota each a governor; to Tennessee her greatest jurist, Felix Grundy; to Oregon, a great chief justice, Jesse Thornton, and John Stevenson who founded the City of Portland.

"To the colored race West Virginia gave its greatest leader, Booker T. Washington.

"To mathematics she gave Joseph Ray, whose arithmetics have been standard in the United States for forty years.

Great Attorneys

"West Virginia contributed to medicine Dr. John W. Mitchell; to the cabinets of presidents, Steven B. Elkins, Nathan Goff, William L. Wilson, Newton D. Baker, John Barton Payne and Howard M. Gore; to Wells Fargo Express Company, Dudley Evans, to three of the great trunk

"The first brick paved street in the world was laid in Charleston in 1870.

"West Virginia produces more glass than any state on earth and has eighteen of the largest factories in the world.

"We have the greatest percentage of native born white population of any state in the Union. We are a happy, contented, industrious, sociable, hospitable and law-abiding people and we are proud of our state."

Virginian was first of the Allies to reach the Rhine in the World war (Captain Ward Lanham.)

"To the Union it gave its loyalty and itself; to the Confederacy it gave Stonewall Jackson.

"West Virginia has given to the Methodist Episcopal church five of its greatest bishops, that "Father of Methodism West of the Mississippi," Andrew Monroe; and its greatest woman missionary to Alaska, Mary McFarland; to the Baptist church, the "Surgeon of America," John W. Carter.

"To invention West Virginia gave James Ramsey, who built the first boat propelled by steam ten years before Fulton fulfilled his dream, and Michael J. Owen, who designed the bottle-making machine and sheet-glass drawing apparatus.

Great Athletes

"To literature West Virginia gave Melville Davisson Post, Henry Syndor Harrison, John Esten Cook, Rebecca Harding Davis, the mother of the more distinguished Richard Harding Davis, Margaret Prescott Montague, Herbert Quick and Waltman T. Barber.

"To athletics and sports, the state has contributed Jack Dempsey, "Hurry Up" Yost, America's greatest football coach, and Ira Errett Rodgers, considered the greatest fullback ever on the football field.

"At the Olympic games in Paris in 1924 when the United States competed in various track and field events with practically all the nations on earth, winning a total of 255 points, Miss Martha Norellus, a 16-year-old West Virginia girl, of White Sulphur Springs, won the world championship in swimming making the 400 meter free-style swim in six minutes, two and a half seconds.

"West Virginia gave to California, James Farley, a United States senator; to Iowa, the greatest senator she ever had, Jonathan P. Dolliver; to Ohio, four of her greatest governors; and to Alabama, Kansas, Maryland, and North Dakota each a governor; to Tennessee her greatest jurist, Felix Grundy; to Oregon, a great chief justice, Jesse Thornton, and John Stevenson who founded the City of Portland.

"To the colored race West Virginia gave its greatest leader, Booker T. Washington.

"To mathematics she gave Joseph Ray, whose arithmetics have been standard in the United States for forty years.

Great Attorneys

"West Virginia contributed to medicine Dr. John W. Mitchell; to the cabinets of presidents, Steven B. Elkins, Nathan Goff, William L. Wilson, Newton D. Baker, John Barton Payne and Howard M. Gore; to Wells Fargo Express Company, Dudley Evans, to three of the great trunk

"The first brick paved street in the world was laid in Charleston in 1870.

"West Virginia produces more glass than any state on earth and has eighteen of the largest factories in the world.

"We have the greatest percentage of native born white population of any state in the Union. We are a happy, contented, industrious, sociable, hospitable and law-abiding people and we are proud of our state."

Pocahontas

Chapter 4

MEHALA MORAN McNEIL

Mrs. Mehala Caroline Moran McNeil, aged 77 years, died February 2, 1940, at her home on Swago. Though her health had been failing for some time her death was unexpected. On Sunday afternoon her body was buried in the family plot in the Buckley cemetery; the service was conducted from the Swago church by Rev. J C Wool.

Mrs McNeil was a daughter of the late John C. and Mary LaRue Moran. She was born in Grayson county, Va. She came with her parents to Pocahontas county in 1886. Of her father's family there remains her three sisters, Mrs Matilda Auldridge of Buckeye, Mrs Lydia Slayton of Huntersville and Mrs Annie Collins of Charleston.

On December 15, 1887, she became the wife of the late Charles L McNeil, who died about 20 years ago. To this union three children were born—John, at home; Bennett of Vanderpool, Va., and Mrs Mary P. Turner, of Trinity, Texas

MRS LELIA BURR MOORE

Mrs. Lelia Burr Moore, aged sixty three years, wife of E N Moore of Dunmore, died of a heart attack on Thursday, February 1, 1940. The funeral service was held from the Dunmore church on Saturday morning by her pastor, Rev. Quade Arbogast, assisted by Rev. A B Williford. Burial in Riverview cemetery, Ronceverte, Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Moore was a daughter of the late J Austin and Miriam Hannah Burr, of Ronceverte. Her brothers are Leland, of Ravenswood, Leslie, of Birmingham, Alabama; Harry, of Detroit, Michigan; Joe of Charleston; Rev. Quinn Burr, of Roanoke, Va. Her sisters are Mrs Samuel Myers of Corvallis, Washington, and Mrs H F. Jamison of Centerville, Ala.

She is survived by her husband and their two children, Eloise and Ernest N Moore, Jr.

—*Washington Post*
2/8/40

Pocahontas

Chapter 4

MEHALA MORAN McNEIL

Mrs. Mehala Caroline Moran McNeil, aged 77 years, died February 2, 1940, at her home on Swago. Though her health had been failing for some time her death was unexpected. On Sunday afternoon her body was buried in the family plot in the Buckley cemetery; the service was conducted from the Swago church by Rev. J C Wool.

Mrs McNeil was a daughter of the late John C. and Mary LaRue Moran. She was born in Grayson county, Va. She came with her parents to Pocahontas county in 1886. Of her father's family there remains her three sisters, Mrs Matilda Auldridge of Buckeye, Mrs Lydia Slayton of Huntersville and Mrs Annie Collins of Charleston.

On December 15, 1887, she became the wife of the late Charles L McNeil, who died about 20 years ago. To this union three children were born—John, at home; Bennett of Vanderpool, Va., and Mrs Mary P. Turner, of Trinity, Texas

MRS LELIA BURR MOORE

Mrs. Lelia Burr Moore, aged sixty three years, wife of E N Moore of Dunmore, died of a heart attack on Thursday, February 1, 1940. The funeral service was held from the Dunmore church on Saturday morning by her pastor, Rev. Quade Arbogast, assisted by Rev. A B Williford. Burial in Riverview cemetery, Roncoverte, Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Moore was a daughter of the late J Austin and Miriam Hannah Burr, of Roncoverte. Her brothers are Leland, of Ravenswood, Leslie, of Birmingham, Alabama; Harry, of Detroit, Michigan; Joe of Charleston; Rev. Quian Burr, of Roanoke, Va. Her sisters are Mrs Samuel Myers of Corvallis, Washington, and Mrs H F Jamison of Centerville, Ala.

She is survived by her husband and their two children, Eloise and Ernest N Moore, Jr.

— Mrs. Lelia Burr Moore
2/8/40

Dear Cousin Calvin:

Your paper will soon be turned in to a genealogical magazine.

In reference to the inquiry of Mr. T. about John Casey Harness, I think he was a great grandson of Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness; 1700-1784. Their eldest son, Captain John, born 1725, died 1810, married Eunice Pettie, daughter of Ebenezer Pettie, of Pennsylvania. Their sixth child, George, married Rebecca Casey. They had children but I do not know of any other than George who married Sally McNeill; Captain Jack who married Anne McNeill; John, Jr., (Casey?) who married Jane Welton in 1825; Annie who married Jacob Van Meter; Jane Anne who married George Cunningham; Catherine who married Isaac Cunningham.

John and Jane Welton Harness had C. E.; Daniel, Henry, George, Wm. Wm., 1831-1908; who married Mary A. Porterfield; Mastin, and Elizabeth, who married Bussan McNeelcham.

George and Sallie McNeill Harness had Molly, who married Jack Williams; Ann Rebecca who married James Kuykendall.

There is a wonderful mixture of kin in this family. They all came from that garden spot of America in the South Branch Valley of the Potomac.

Beside the child John, old Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness had Elizabeth, 1721-1804, married Philip P. Yoakum; Barbara married Michael See; he died in 1764. They were the parents of Adam See, born September 19, 1764, who married Margaret, daughter of Major Jacob and Mary Vance Warwick, of Pocahontas County. He and his brother, Michael, Jr., came from Hardy County to Randolph County about 1790.

Margaretta Harness married Andrew Trumbo and migrated to Kentucky. See Shane's Virginia and the Preston Papers, Wisconsin University.

Isaiah Harness married Samuel Herbeck and went to Kentucky. See paper above.

Adam Harness was killed by the Indians while cutting hay in northern Luzerne County, about 1765 or 1766.

Isaac married a Miss Hatch, and they went to Indiana. Their family had a noted ranchman, known as Colonel Harness, who formerly lived at Potosi, Missouri.

Peter Harness married Susan Lee. They had a child; named and killed by Indians.

Isaac married a Miss Lee, wife of a Mr. Lee. He and his wife were killed by Indians.

Jacob's second wife was Lizzie R. abough. Their son was Conrad, who married Elizabeth Tucker. Jacob, when an old man, left most of his estate to his son Conrad. The daughters objected, so Conrad gave them the estate. In 1833 he made up a big caravan and set out for Missouri. There he found the lands. He took his wagon train from the South Branch and went by way of Kentucky. There the family visited a month or six weeks with their kin who had gone there before. The train was so large it took a week to cross the Mississippi River. Capt. Harness, of Los Angeles, California, who married Lillian, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Austin, formerly of Pocahontas County, is a great grandson of the aristocratic Conrad, of Missouri.

Conrad, son of old Michael, married Mary Yoakum. He and his family were killed by the Indians. Returning home from church where his infant has been baptized (by sprinkling, says Rev. Shane.) an Indian stepped from the woods. He took by the bridle the horse on which Mrs. Harness rode, brandishing his tomahawk. Conrad came to the rescue of his wife, and the Indian killed them all.

George, 1739-1823, married Elizabeth Yoakum. They had children, among whom were Elizabeth who married Jack Hutton. Mrs. E. R. Crummell, 1873 Hillside Road, E. Cleveland, Ohio, is a descendant.

Michael Harness, Jr., married Catherine Van Meter.

These people pioneered what is now Hardy County. Elizabeth Westfall Harness is said by Van Meter in his History of the Van Meter family, to have been the first white woman to have set foot in this part of Virginia.

Georgianne Dunlap Arnold,
(Mrs E. C. Arnold)
300 West 8th Street,
Roswell, New Mexico.

- Pocahontas Times

1/4/40

Dear Cousin Calvin:

Your paper will soon be turned in to a genealogical magazine.

In reference to the inquiry of Mr. Furber about John Casey Harness, I think he was a great grandson of Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness; 1700-1784. Their eldest son, Captain John, born 1725, died 1810, married Eunice Pettice, daughter of Ebenezer Pettice, of Pennsylvania. Their sixth child, George, married Rebecca Casey. They had children but I do not know of any other than George who married Sally McNeill; Captain Jack who married Anne McNeill; John, Jr., (Casey?) who married Jane Welton in 1825; Anne who married Jacob VanMeter; Jane Anne who married George Cunningham; Catherine who married Isaac Cunningham.

John and Jane Welton Harness had C. E.; Daniel, Henry, George, Wm. Wirt, 1831-1908; who married Mary A. Porterfield; Mastin, and Elizabeth, who married Bussan McNeesham.

George and Sally McNeill Harness had Molly, who married Jack Williams; Ann Rebecca who married James Kuykendall.

There is a wonderful mixture of kin in this family. They all came from that garden spot of America in the South Branch Valley of the Potomac.

Beside the child John, old Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness had Elizabeth, 1721-1804, married Philip P. Yokum; Barbara married Michael See; he died in 1764. They were the parents of Adam See, born September 19, 1764, who married Margaret, daughter of Major Jacob and Mary Vance Warwick, of Pocahontas County. He and his brother, Michael, Jr., came from Hardy County to Randolph County about 1790.

Margaretta Harness married Andrew Trumbo and migrated to Kentucky. See Shane's Virginia and the Preston Papers, Wisconsin University.

Isaiah Harness married Samuel Harnbeck and went to Kentucky. See paper above.

Adam Harness was killed by the Indians while cutting hay in Northern Luzerne near Hardy County, about 1765 or 1760.

Isaiah married a Miss Hatch, and many say, went to Indiana. Their family was a noted ranchman, known as Colonel Harnbeck, who formerly lived at Boone City, Missouri.

Isaiah married Susan Lee. They had a child; Michael and John were killed by Indians.

Isaiah married a Miss Lee. They had a child; Michael and John were killed by Indians.

Jacob's second wife was Lizette R. abangh. Their son was Conrad, who married Elizabeth Tucker. Jacob, when an old man, left most of his estate to his son Conrad. The daughters objected, so Conrad gave them the estate. In 1833 he made up a big caravan and set out for Kentucky. There he found fine lands. He took his wagon train from the South Branch and went by way of Kentucky. There the family visited a month or six weeks with their kin who had gone there before. The train was so large it took a week to cross the Mississippi River. Carl Harness, of Los Angeles, California, who married Lillian, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Austin, formerly of Pocahontas County, is a great grand son of the aristocratic Conrad, of Missouri.

Conrad, son of old Michael, married Mary Yokum. He and his family were killed by the Indians. Returning home from church where his infant had been baptized (by sprinkling, says Rev. Shane) an Indian stepped from the woods. He took by the bridle the horse on which Mrs. Harness rode, brandishing his tomahawk. Conrad came to the rescue of his wife, and the Indian killed them all.

George, 1739-1823, married Elizabeth Yokum. They had children, among whom were Elizabeth who married Jack Hutton. Mrs. E. F. Crummell, 1873 Hillside Road, E. Cleveland, Ohio, is a descendant.

Michael Harness, Jr., married Catherine Van Meter.

These people pioneered what is now Hardy County. Elizabeth Westfall Harness is said by Van Meter in his History of the Van Meter family, to have been the first white woman to have set foot in this part of Virginia.

Georgianne Dunlap Arnold,
(Mrs E. C. Arnold)
300 West 8th Street,
Roswell, New Mexico.

Pocahontas Times

1/4/40

DIED :-

DR. JOHN M. YEAGER

Dr John M. Yeager aged 63 years died Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1940. For a year he had been in failing health, though up to within a few weeks of his death he had been active in his practice. The cause of his death was paralysis, but in reality this beloved physician had worn himself out in service of sick and ailing humanity.

On Tuesday afternoon his body was buried in the family plot in Mt View Cemetery. The funeral was conducted from the home in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing friends by his pastor, Dr H. Malcom Sturm, of the Methodist Church. The pall bearers were: C B Moore, Frank King, G S Callison, Kerth Nottingham, Richard Currence and Senator Fred C. Allen.

John Moody Yeager was born at Bartow, April 7 1877. He was the second son of the late Brown M. and Harriet Arbogast Yeager. Of his father's family there remains his four brothers, Walker, Sterling, Bruce and Paul; his sisters, Mrs Brownie Gatewood and Mrs Texie Carroll.

In 1902 Dr. Yeager was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Smith, daughter of Captain A E Smith. To this union were born four children: Guy M of Amingo; L A of Franklin; Mrs Elmer Smith and Mrs W E Adlung, of Washington D. C.

Dr Yeager was graduated in medicine at Louisville, Ky. In 1901 and for 29 years has practiced his profession in Marlinton. He had a large practice, which reached to every walk of life. To rich and poor alike, his sympathizing heart went out in his passion to heal sick and broken bodies. No one will ever know the good this beloved physician did for it should be said he wore his life away and shortened his days in service to sick and suffering humanity. Blessed with a remarkable personality his circle of friends was wide for to know him was to love him.

"I know ye not that this day a great and good man has fallen"

MRS. NAOMI VanREENAN

Mrs. Naomi VanReenan was born August 20, 1872 and departed this life at her home on Stony Creek on Sunday, April 7, 1940 aged 67 years 7 months and 18 days, following an illness of six weeks of influenza and complications. Everything that loving hands could do was done for her but God knew best and called her to her eternal reward. She bore her suffering with patience and was resigned to His will who doeth all things well.

Mrs. VanReenan was the only daughter of Francis M. and Rachel Galford McCoy. On December 21, 1892, she was united in marriage to William M. VanReenan who preceded her to the grave six years ago. To this union were born 12 children, all of whom survive their mother: Mrs. Mimi Tyler, Mrs. Lee S Barlow, Bernard, Lonnie, Gilbert and Porter VanReenan of Marlinton; Dr. A. C. VanReenan of Bluefield; Forrest VanReenan of Warren Ohio; Myrtle VanReenan of Huntington, Hubert, Jane and Carl VanReenan at home. She is also survived by her brother, A. C. McCoy of Renfrow, Oklahoma, and 26 grandchildren besides a host of relatives and friends.

The funeral was conducted on Wednesday afternoon, from the West Union Church, by her pastor, Rev. R. H. Skaggs, assisted by Dr Malcom Sturm of the Marlinton Methodist Church, and she was tenderly laid to rest beside her husband in the Cochran Cemetery on Stony Creek.

The esteem in which Mrs VanReenan was held was attested to by the large concourse of friends who attended the last rites, also by the beautiful floral offering. The flower girls were: Mrs. Vance Livingston, Mrs. Clarence Kellison, Mrs. Porter Sharp, Mrs. Allen Sharp, Mrs. Roy Dever, Mrs. Eugene Simmons, Mrs. Harry Keene, Mrs. Ralph Elliott; Misses Annas Cole, Ethel Barlow, Betty Clay Sharp, Elizabeth Cochran, Norma June and Lucy Clair Kellison.

The pall bearers were: Ralph Dille, Preston Duncan, Porter Sharp, Neal, Clawson and Jesse Beverage.

Mrs. VanReenan had been a loyal member of the West Union Methodist Church for many years, having been converted in early life, and she lived a consistent Christian life, loved by all who knew her. She was ever a devoted wife and mother, a good neighbor and friend.

